WHIZ COMICS

10¢

WHIZ COMICS' TRADING POST

NOTE: *If you are interested in any of these articles offered for trade, WRITE DIRECT to the boy or girl whose name and address appear in the Swap Notice. PLEASE DO NOT SEND your letter to WHIZ COMICS.*

AIRPLANE

Will trade or sell giant, rubber-powered "Simons Roland Airliner" model airplane wing span five ft., overall length 39½ in., body already constructed. Any reasonable offer considered. Write to Jim Porcel, 2815 Caledonia St., Toledo, O.

BASEBALL GLOVE

Will trade perfectly good fielder's glove, real horsehide, made for right handed boy—for basketball. Write to Pfc. Eddie Mohan, Marymount Military Academy, Route 7, Box 370, Tacoma, Wash.

B-B PISTOL

Will trade single-shot B-B pistol in good condition—for hard- or soft-ball fielder's glove. Write to Everett Shirley, 14132 Promenade Ave., Detroit, Mich.

CAMERA

Will trade small Univex camera in good condition—for pair of ball-bearing roller skates. Write to Margaret Kernodle, 1016½ English St., High Point, N. C.

CHEMISTRY SET

Will trade Gilbert chemistry outfit No. 2½, containing 16 chemicals—for motion picture machine. Write to Lloyd Byers, Baldwin Station, Chester, S. C.

COMPASS

Will trade Official Boy Scout compass, pocket-watch size, in good condition—for three-foot telescope. Write to Mac Ragan, 25 Vance St., Asheville, N. C.

FOUNTAIN PEN

Will trade 14-carat gold pen with stainless point—for small pair of opera glasses. Write to Peter Amenta, Box 64, 31 New Lane, Cromwell, Conn.

GAME

Will trade bingo set No. 2, complete in good condition—for pocket flashlight. Write to Jim R. J. Kaman, 3001 Forest Ave., Columbus, Ga.

KNIFE

Will trade good two-blade [illegible] knife with white [illegible] sides—for Capt. Marvel Power Siren. Write to George Dinks, Williamson, N. Y.

POPGUN

Will trade black "Red Ranger" popgun—for hunting knife and leather sheath. Write to Norman Sanders, Route 4, Paducah, Ky.

PRINTING SET

Will trade printing set containing [illegible] alphabet, all numbers, many symbols, ruler and holder for measurements and ink-pad, all in good condition—for some useful article. Write to Donald Yates, 921 Bath St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

RADIO

Will trade radio crystal set and earphones in good condition plus 20-cent directions for operating any kind of Morse code sender—for some useful article. Write to Ed Schwab, 3061 Lowry Ave., Cincinnati, O.

SKATES

Will trade good, smooth-running pair of roller skates and skate key—for smooth-shooting B-B pistol in good condition. Write to Victor Galindo, 1678 Morris Ave., The Bronx, New York City.

STAMPS

Will trade collection of [illegible] stamps valued at $10—for good wrist watch or some other useful article. Write to John W. Kr[illegible]sey, Box 128, Dyess, Ark.

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Will trade good "Companion" model Ingersoll watch—for good fielder's or pitcher's baseball glove. Write to Herbert Lupoluff, Route 1, Box 253, Farmingdale, N. J.

P.S. If you have something to trade—and you're looking for someone to trade with—write out a Swap Notice (like those printed above) and send it to

TRADING POST, WHIZ COMICS, 1501 Broadway, New York City

We'll print your Swap Notice in the first available issue of WHIZ COMICS—ABSOLUTELY FREE. All we ask is that you be completely honest in your Swap Notice and do not misrepresent any article offered for trade.

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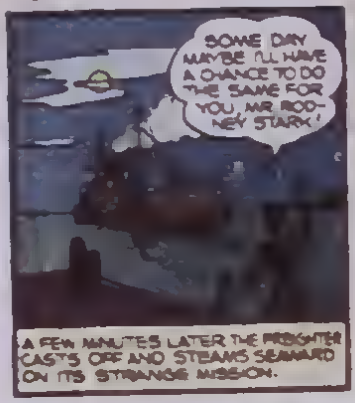
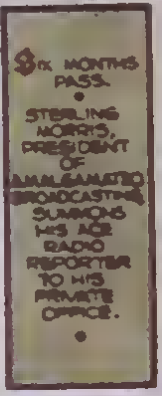
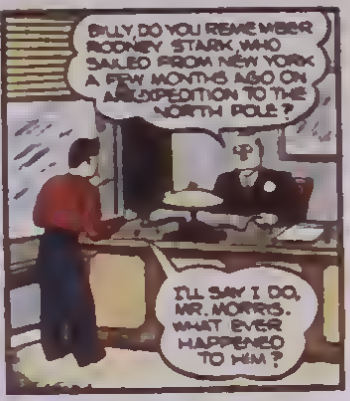
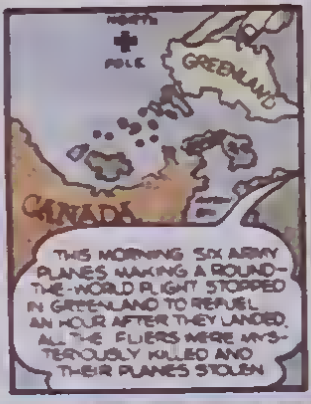
WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN IS CAPTAIN MARVEL, WHOSE MATCHLESS STRENGTH WISDOM, STAMINA, POWER, COURAGE AND SPEED AID HIM IN HIS NEVER-ENDING BATTLE AGAINST CRIME AND INJUSTICE. BUT IN EVERYDAY LIFE HE IS BILLY BATSON, BOY RADIO REPORTER, WHO CAN BECOME CAPTAIN MARVEL AT WILL MERELY BY SPEAKING THE MAGIC WORD SHAZAM!
Capt. MARVEL
HELLO, EVERYBODY, THIS IS BILLY BATSON, YOUR RADIO REPORTER. THIS TIME I'M TAKING YOU WAY UP TO THE POLAR REGIONS ON THE STRANGEST ASSIGNMENT ANY WSHAWK EVER UNDERTOOK.
SEEKING A STORY, BILLY BATSON BOARDS THE FREIGHTER RED STAR SCHEDULED TO SAIL AT MIDNIGHT ON A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE.
LOOKS AS IF THEY'RE ABOUT READY TO SHOVE OFF. WONDER WHY ALL THE SECRECY?
MACHINE GUNS! WHY SHOULD ANYBODY TAKE THOSE ON A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION?
HEY, KID, WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THIS BOAT?
AS HE LOOKS CURIOUSLY AT A DAMAGED CRATE ON THE FREIGHTER'S DECK, A HARSH VOICE SUDDENLY SPEAKS.
I'M BILLY BATSON, CAPTAIN. I CAME TO GET A STORY ABOUT THE EXPEDITION.
WELL, THERE ISN'T ANY STORY, SEE? SO SCRAM!
THE SPEAKER IS RODNEY STARK, WEALTHY YOUNG SPORTSMAN, WHO IS FINANCING THE VENTURE.
RED STAR
MAYBE YOU'LL KNOW ENOUGH NEXT TIME NOT TO PRY INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS.
SPLASH!
WHEN BILLY HESITATES, STARK THROWS HIM BODILY OFF THE FREIGHTER.


SOME DAY MAYBE I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO DO THE SAME FOR YOU, MR. RODNEY STARK!
A FEW MINUTES LATER THE FREIGHTER CASTS OFF AND STEAMS SEAWARD ON ITS STRANGE MISSION.

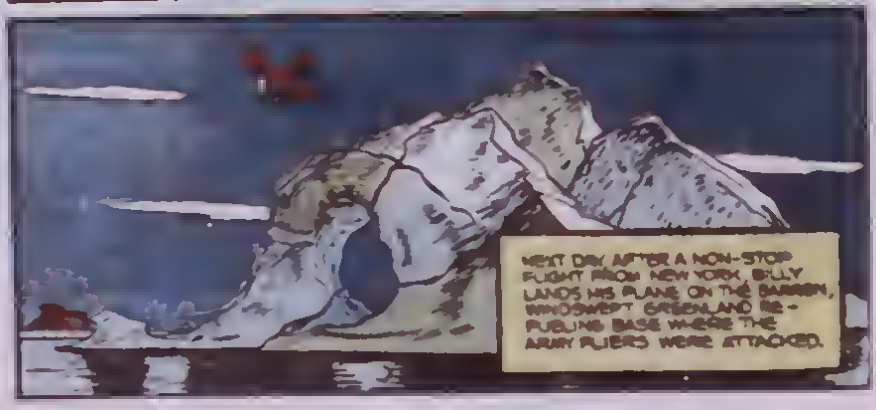

SIX MONTHS PASS.
STERLING MORRIS, PRESIDENT OF AMALGAMATED BROADCASTING, SUMMONS HIS ACE RADIO REPORTER TO HIS PRIVATE OFFICE.

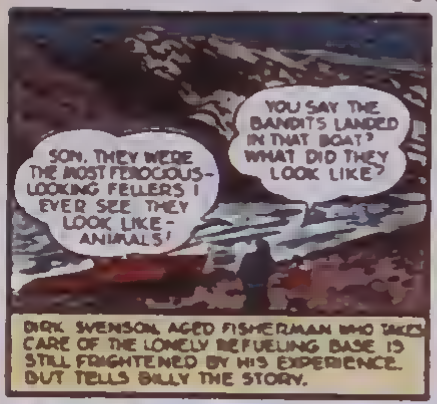

BILLY, DO YOU REMEMBER RODNEY STARK, WHO SAILED FROM NEW YORK A FEW MONTHS AGO ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE?
I'LL SAY I DO, MR. MORRIS. WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO HIM?

STARK'S FREIGHTER, THE RED STAR WAS LAST SIGHTED TWO MONTHS AGO, HEADING NORTH FROM GREENLAND. NOT A WORD HAS BEEN HEARD FROM THE EXPEDITION SINCE.


NORTH POLE
GREENLAND
CANADA
THIS MORNING SIX ARMY PLANES MAKING A ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIGHT STOPPED IN GREENLAND TO REFUEL. AN HOUR AFTER THEY LANDED, ALL THE FLIERS WERE MYSTERIOUSLY KILLED AND THEIR PLANES STOLEN

GEE, THAT'S TERRIBLE! BUT WHERE DOES RODNEY STARK COME IN?
THE POINT IS THIS - THE KILLERS APPROACHED GREENLAND BY SEA IN A MOTOR LAUNCH FROM THE FREIGHTER RED STAR. MAYBE THEY WIPED OUT STARK'S EXPEDITION FIRST. YOU'RE GOING UP THERE TO FIND OUT!


NEXT DAY, AFTER A NON-STOP FLIGHT FROM NEW YORK, BILLY LANDS HIS PLANE ON THE BARREN, WINDSWEPT GREENLAND RE-FUELING BASE WHERE THE ARMY FLIERS WERE ATTACKED.

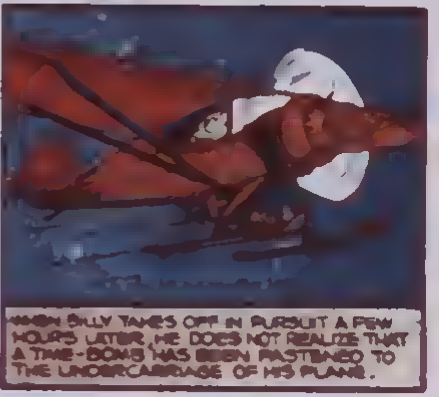

SON, THEY WERE THE MOST FEROCIOUS-LOOKING FELLERS I EVER SEE! THEY LOOK LIKE-ANIMALS!
YOU SAY THE BANDITS LANDED IN THAT BOAT? WHAT DID THEY LOOK LIKE?
DIRK SVENSON, AGED FISHERMAN WHO TAKES CARE OF THE LONELY REFUELING BASE IS STILL FRIGHTENED BY HIS EXPERIENCE. BUT TELLS BILLY THE STORY.

JUST BEFORE NOON, SVENSON RELATES, A STRANGE BAND OF FIERCE PRIMITIVE MEN LANDED ON THE BEACH BELOW THE FLYING FIELD.

OH-H-H-H! THEY GOT ME!
IF WE ONLY HAD OUR GUNS!
TAKING THE ARMY PILOTS BY SURPRISE, THE SAVAGE NEWCOMERS MOWED THEM DOWN IN COLD BLOOD WITH MACHINE GUNS WHICH THEY HANDLED EXPERTLY.

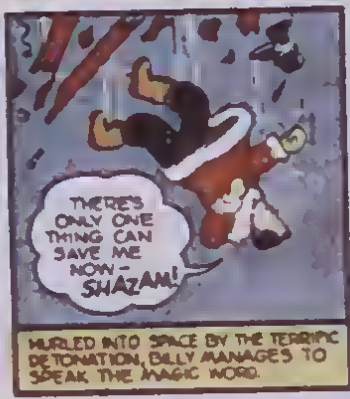
WHEN ALL THE FLIERS WERE KILLED, THE GIANT SAVAGES EACH TOOK THE CONTROLS OF A PLANE AND HEADED OUT TO SEA, DUE NORTH, IN PERFECT FLYING FORMATION.

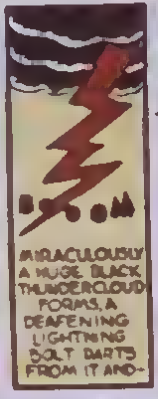
WHY DIDN'T THEY KILL YOU, TOO, MR SVENSON?
I HIDE WHEN I SEE THEM COME. THEY DON'T FIND ME, ELSE I DIE TOO.

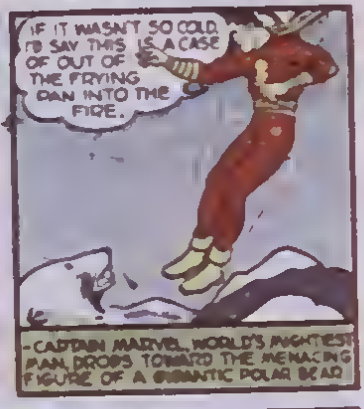

WHEN BILLY TAKES OFF IN PURSUIT A FEW HOURS LATER, HE DOES NOT REALIZE THAT A TIME-BOMB HAS BEEN FASTENED TO THE UNDERCARRIAGE OF HIS PLANE.

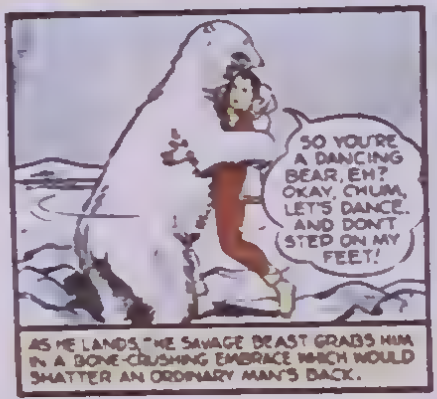
BILLY-BATSON-RADIO-REPORTER-TRAILING-YOU-BY-PLANE-DO-NOT-WORRY-I-FIXED-HIM.
NOR DOES HE REALIZE THAT THE TREACHEROUS DIRK SVENSON AT THAT VERY MOMENT IS RADIO-TELEGRAPHING A MESSAGE AHEAD.

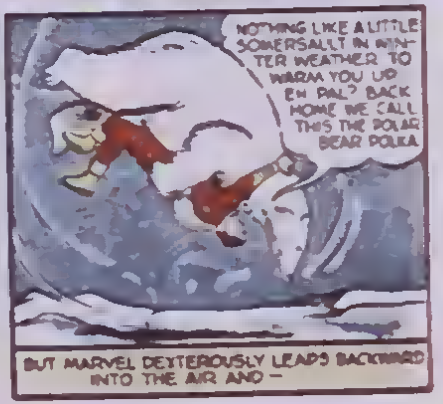
FAR OUT OVER THE TRACKLESS WASTES OF THE POLAR ICE PACK, THE DEADLY TIME-BOMB PERFORMS ITS GRIM MISSION. BLASTING BILLY'S PLANE INTO A THOUSAND PIECES.

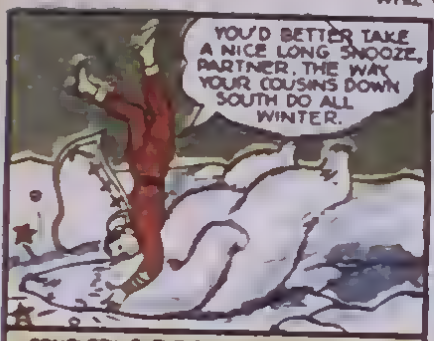

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING CAN SAVE ME NOW-SHAZAM!
HURLED INTO SPACE BY THE TERRIFIC DETONATION, BILLY MANAGES TO SPEAK THE MAGIC WORD.


BOOM
MIRACULOUSLY A HUGE BLACK THUNDERCLOUD FORMS, A DEAFENING LIGHTNING BOLT DARTS FROM IT AND-


IF IT WASN'T SO COLD, I'D SAY THIS IS A CASE OF OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.
-CAPTAIN MARVEL, WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN, DROPS TOWARD THE MENACING FIGURE OF A GIGANTIC POLAR BEAR

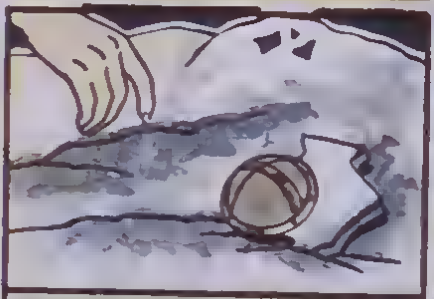

SO YOU'RE A DANCING BEAR, EH? OKAY, CHUM, LET'S DANCE. AND DON'T STEP ON MY FEET!
AS HE LANDS, THE SAVAGE BEAST GRABS HIM IN A BONE-CRUSHING EMBRACE WHICH WOULD SHATTER AN ORDINARY MAN'S BACK.


NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE SOMERSAULT IN WINTER WEATHER TO WARM YOU UP EH PAL? BACK HOME WE CALL THIS THE POLAR BEAR POLKA
BUT MARVEL DEXTEROUSLY LEAPS BACKWARD INTO THE AIR AND -

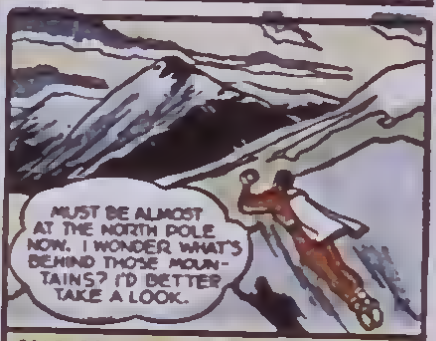


-COMPLETING THE SOMERSAULT, HE LANDS WITH FULL FORCE ON THE STARTLED ANIMAL, KNOCKING IT UNCONSCIOUS.

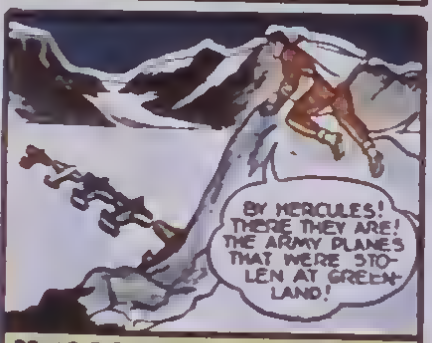
AFTER DISPOSING OF THE BEAR, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN SEARCHES IN THE DEBRIS OF THE PLANE IN WHICH HE, AS BILLY BATSON, HAD ALMOST BEEN KILLED.



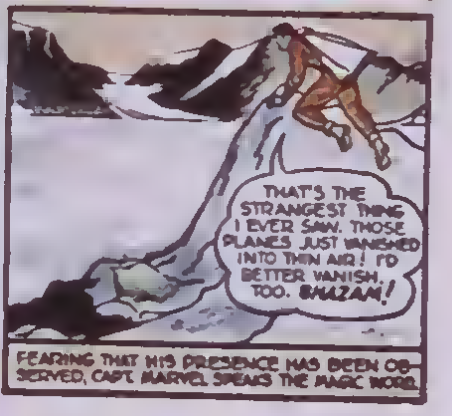
LUCKILY HE FINDS THE WRECKED PLANE'S COMPASS, FOR NOT EVEN CAPTAIN MARVEL'S SUPER-SENSITIVE PERCEPTION CAN TELL HIM THE CORRECT DIRECTIONS IN THIS VAST, UNCHARTED WASTELAND OF SNOW AND ICE.



COMPASS IN HAND, MARVEL ZOOMS THROUGH THE AIR, DUE NORTH, ON THE TRAIL OF THE MURDEROUS BANDITS.



BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS, ON A HUGE, FLAT EXPANSE OF ICE, THE BANDITS HAVE IMPROVISED A LANDING FIELD.



FEARING THAT HIS PRESENCE HAS BEEN OBSERVED, CAPT. MARVEL SPEAKS THE MAGIC WORD.

A MIGHTY PEAL OF THUNDER ECHOES ACROSS THE ARCTIC WASTES AND-

BOOOOOM

-THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN AGAIN BECOMES BILLY BATSON RADIO REPORTER IN SEARCH OF A SCOOP.

MAYBE THEY SAW ME AND MAYBE THEY DIDN'T. I'D BETTER KEEP BEHIND COVER.

GOOD GOSH- I'M A GONER NOW!

SUDDENLY HE SLIDS ON A SMOOTH, GLASS-LIKE SHEET OF ICE AND TUMBLES HEADLONG INTO A DEEP CREVICE.

WHITE BOY FALL FROM SKY.

WE TAKE HIM TO MASTER.

AS HE LANDS UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR OF AN UNDER-ICE CHAMBER TWO HUGE SHAGGY FIGURES APPROACH AND LOOK DOWN AT HIS PROSTRATE FIGURE.

WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE-WHO ARE YOU?

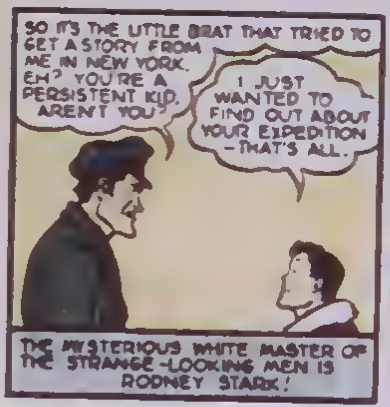
NO TALK. WHITE BOY.

BILLY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND HIMSELF HELPLESS IN THE POWERFUL GRIP OF ONE OF THE TWO MEN.

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES HIS CAPTORS TAKE HIM TO A COLOSSAL ROOM CARVED OUT OF SOLID ICE. STARTLED BILLY SEES HUMAN FIGURES FROZEN INTO THE WALLS IN LIFELIKE POSTURES!

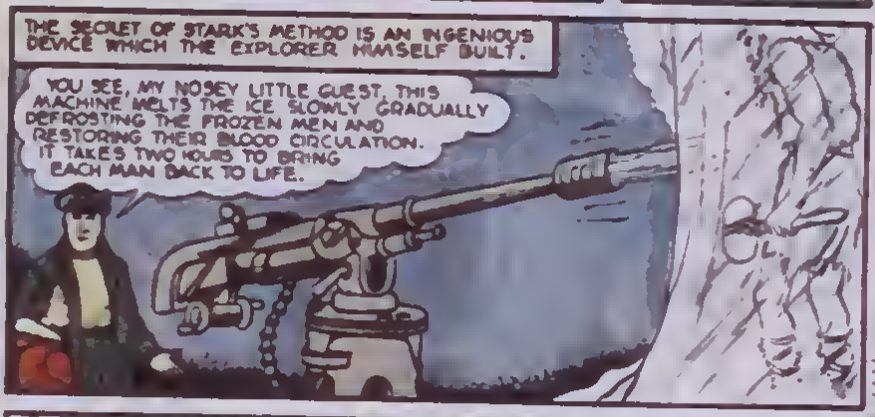
WE FIND WHITE BOY MASTER.

WHITE BOY? WHERE DID HE COME FROM? BRING HIM HERE.

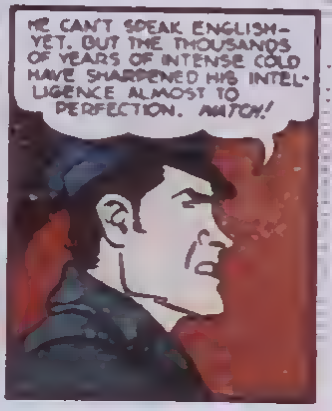

SO IT'S THE LITTLE BRAT THAT TRIED TO GET A STORY FROM ME IN NEW YORK. EH? YOU'RE A PERSISTENT KID, AREN'T YOU?
I JUST WANTED TO FIND OUT ABOUT YOUR EXPEDITION - THAT'S ALL.
THE MYSTERIOUS WHITE MASTER OF THE STRANGE-LOOKING MEN IS RODNEY STARK!

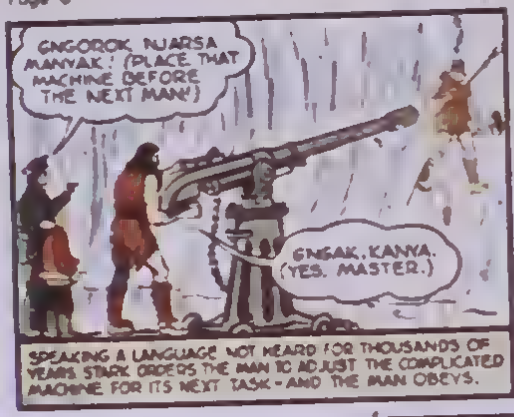
SNEERING, THE SPORTSMAN-EXPLORER DISCLOSES THAT HE HAS DISCOVERED AN ENTIRE TRIBE OF PLEISTOCENE MEN - FROZEN ALIVE IN SOLID ICE THOUSANDS OF YEARS BEFORE WHEN THE GREAT POLAR GLACIERS SWEPT DOWN OVER THE WORLD TO MARK THE BEGINNING OF THE ICE AGE.

MOST FANTASTIC OF ALL, RODNEY STARK HAS DISCOVERED A METHOD OF BRINGING THESE AMAZING SAVAGES BACK TO LIFE!


THE SECRET OF STARK'S METHOD IS AN INGENIOUS DEVICE WHICH THE EXPLORER HIMSELF BUILT.
YOU SEE, MY NOSEY LITTLE GUEST, THIS MACHINE MELTS THE ICE SLOWLY GRADUALLY DEFROSTING THE FROZEN MEN AND RESTORING THEIR BLOOD CIRCULATION. IT TAKES TWO HOURS TO BRING EACH MAN BACK TO LIFE.

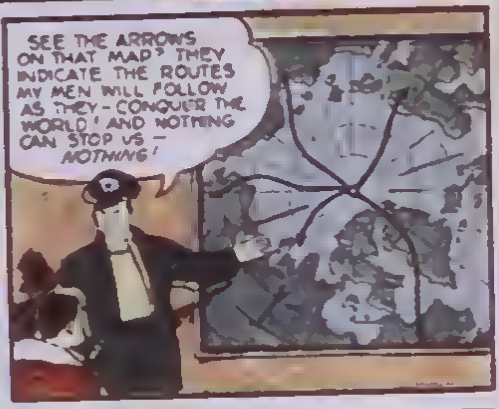
GOLLY! HE'S ALIVE!
CORRECT. WHAT'S MORE, HIS SUPER-BODY IS NOW DRIVEN BY A SUPER-BRAIN.
EVEN AS HE SPEAKS, THE DEFROSTING PERIOD ENDS AND THE ONCE-FROZEN MAN STEPS FORWARD.

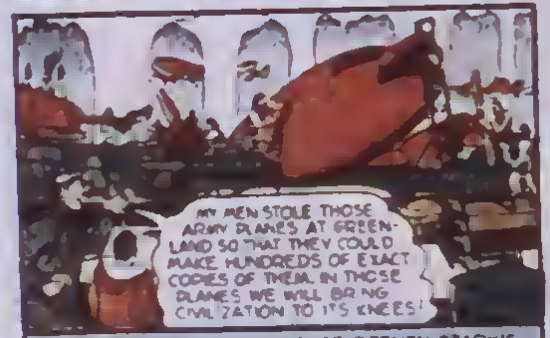

HE CAN'T SPEAK ENGLISH - YET. BUT THE THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF INTENSE COLD HAVE SHARPENED HIS INTELLIGENCE ALMOST TO PERFECTION. AMTOK!



SPEAKING A LANGUAGE NOT HEARD FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS STARK ORDERS THE MAN TO ADJUST THE COMPLICATED MACHINE FOR ITS NEXT TASK - AND THE MAN OBEYS.

GEE! HE OPERATES THAT MACHINE AS IF HE KNEW ALL ABOUT MODERN SCIENCE.
HE DOES! AND WITHIN A WEEK I SHALL HAVE 1,000 MEN JUST LIKE HIM, READY AND WILLING TO OBEY MY SLIGHTEST COMMAND!

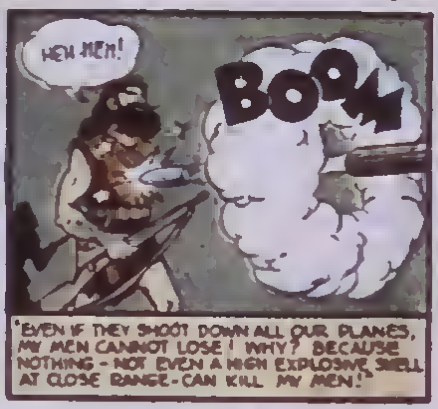

SEE THE ARROWS ON THAT MAP? THEY INDICATE THE ROUTES MY MEN WILL FOLLOW AS THEY - CONQUER THE WORLD! AND NOTHING CAN STOP US - NOTHING!

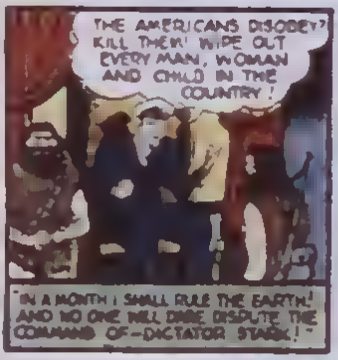

MY MEN STOLE THOSE ARMY PLANES AT GREENLAND SO THAT THEY COULD MAKE HUNDREDS OF EXACT COPIES OF THEM. IN THOSE PLANES WE WILL BRING CIVILIZATION TO IT'S KNEES!

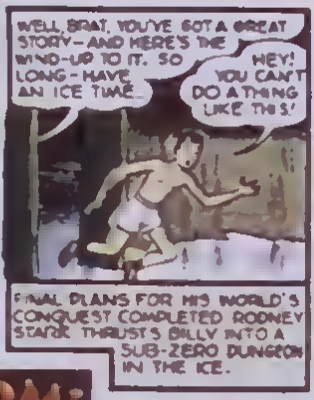
IN A VAST, UNDER-ICE WORKSHOP RODNEY STARK'S MEN ARE BUSILY ENGAGED IN DUPLICATING THE FASTEST, MOST POWERFUL AIRPLANES IN EXISTENCE..

STARK PAINTS A TERRIFYING WORD-PICTURE OF HIS PLANS

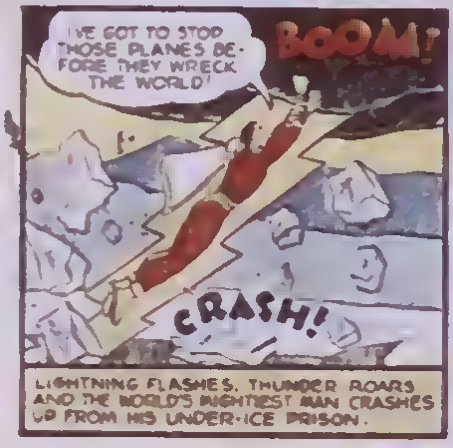
MY MEN WILL ATTACK EVERY MAJOR CITY IN THE WORLD - NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS, MOSCOW - NONE WILL ESCAPE. THE NAZIS' INVASION OF POLAND WILL BE CHILD'S PLAY COMPARED TO THIS."


HEH HEH!
BOOM
"EVEN IF THEY SHOOT DOWN ALL OUR PLANES, MY MEN CANNOT LOSE! WHY? BECAUSE NOTHING - NOT EVEN A HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELL AT CLOSE RANGE - CAN KILL MY MEN!"

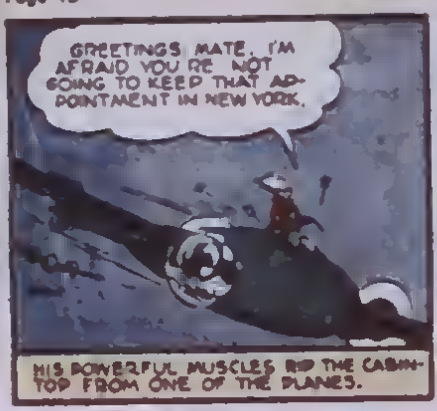

THE AMERICANS DISOBEY? KILL THEM! WIPE OUT EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE COUNTRY!
"IN A MONTH I SHALL RULE THE EARTH! AND NO ONE WILL DARE DISPUTE THE COMMAND OF - DICTATOR STARK!"


WELL, BRAT, YOU'VE GOT A GREAT STORY - AND HERE'S THE WIND-UP TO IT. SO LONG - HAVE AN ICE TIME...
HEY! YOU CAN'T DO A THING LIKE THIS!
FINAL PLANS FOR HIS WORLD'S CONQUEST COMPLETED RODNEY STARK THRUSTS BILLY INTO A SUB-ZERO DUNGEON IN THE ICE.

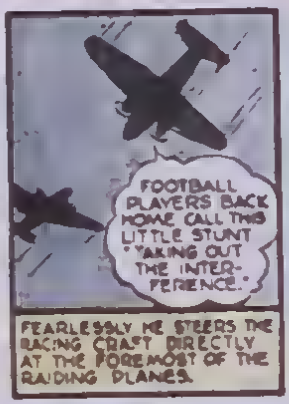
I'D FREEZE TO DEATH IN HERE IN AN HOUR! THIS IS A JOB FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL - SHAZAM!

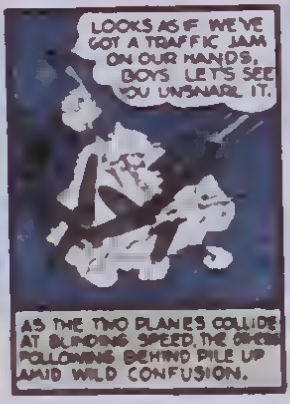

I'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE PLANES BEFORE THEY WRECK THE WORLD!
BOOM!
CRASH!
LIGHTNING FLASHES, THUNDER ROARS AND THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN CRASHES UP FROM HIS UNDER-ICE PRISON.

SO THEY'RE JUST STARTING OUT EH? WELL, THEY WON'T GET FAR!
AT THAT MOMENT HUNDREDS OF PLANES, FLOWN BY THE GIGANTIC PLEISTOCENE MEN, EMERGE FROM THEIR SUB-SURFACE HANGAR

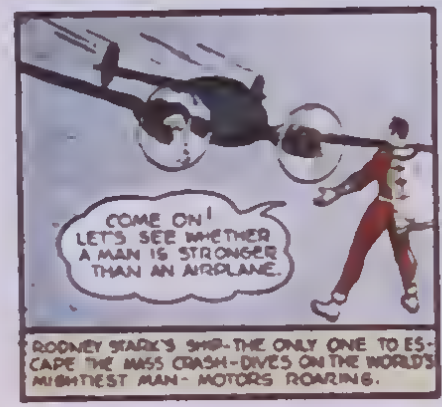

GREETINGS MATE. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KEEP THAT AP-POINTMENT IN NEW YORK.
HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES RIP THE CABIN-TOP FROM ONE OF THE PLANES.

HAPPY LANDING, PAL. AND THANKS FOR THE PLANE.
HURLING THE PILOT OVERBOARD, CAPTAIN MARVEL TAKES CHARGE OF THE SITUATION.

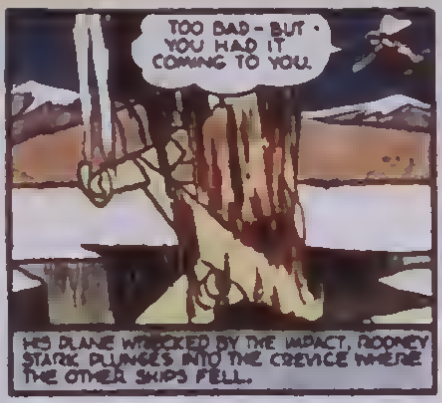

FOOTBALL PLAYERS BACK HOME CALL THIS LITTLE STUNT "TAKING OUT THE INTER-FERENCE."
FEARLESSLY HE STEERS THE RACING CRAFT DIRECTLY AT THE FOREMOST OF THE RAIDING PLANES.

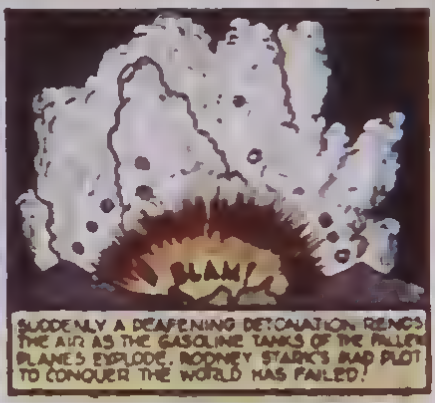

LOOKS AS IF WE'VE GOT A TRAFFIC JAM ON OUR HANDS, BOYS. LET'S SEE YOU UNSNARL IT.
AS THE TWO PLANES COLLIDE AT BLINDING SPEED, THE OTHERS FOLLOWING BEHIND PILE UP AMID WILD CONFUSION.

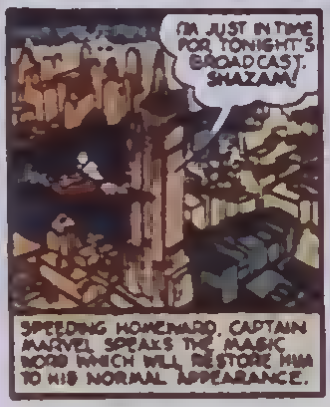
PLUMMETING DOWN, THE WRECKED AIRPLANES DROP INTO THE HUGE OPENING IN THE ICE MADE BY MARVEL.

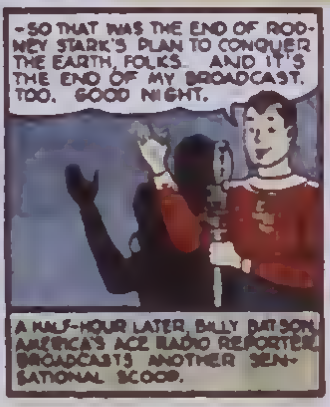

COME ON! LET'S SEE WHETHER A MAN IS STRONGER THAN AN AIRPLANE.
RODNEY STARK'S SHIP-THE ONLY ONE TO ES-CAPE THE MASS CRASH-DIVES ON THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN- MOTORS ROARING.

WH-WHO ARE YOU? WH WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
CRASH
YOU'D BETTER START WORRYING ABOUT YOURSELF, CHUM, AND FORGET ABOUT ME.


TOO BAD - BUT YOU HAD IT COMING TO YOU.
HIS PLANE WRECKED BY THE IMPACT, RODNEY STARK PLUNGES INTO THE CREVICE WHERE THE OTHER SHIPS FELL.


SLAM!
SUDDENLY A DEAFENING DETONATION RENDS THE AIR AS THE GASOLINE TANKS OF THE FALLEN PLANES EXPLODE. RODNEY STARK'S BAD PLOT TO CONQUER THE WORLD HAS FAILED!


I'M JUST IN TIME FOR TONIGHT'S BROADCAST. SHAZAM!
SPEEDING HOMEWARD, CAPTAIN MARVEL SPEAKS THE MAGIC WORD WHICH WILL RESTORE HIM TO HIS NORMAL APPEARANCE.


-SO THAT WAS THE END OF RODNEY STARK'S PLAN TO CONQUER THE EARTH, FOLKS. AND IT'S THE END OF MY BROADCAST, TOO. GOOD NIGHT.
A HALF-HOUR LATER, BILLY BATSON, AMERICA'S ACE RADIO REPORTER, BROADCASTS ANOTHER SENSATIONAL SCOOP.

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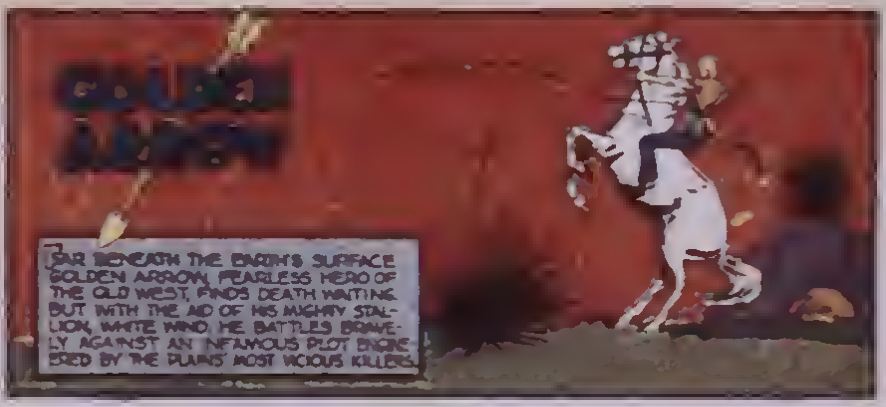
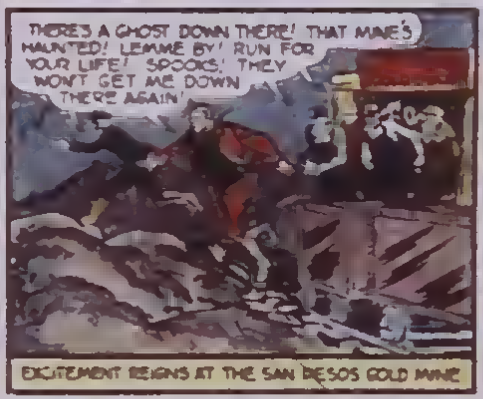
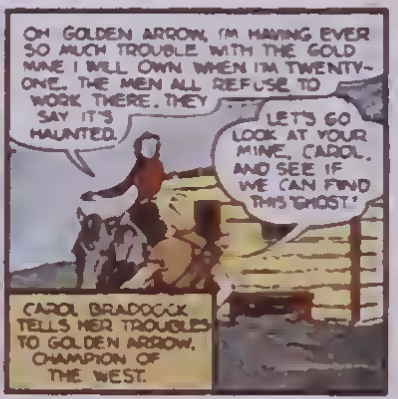

GOLDEN ARROW
FAR BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE GOLDEN ARROW, FEARLESS HERO OF THE OLD WEST, FINDS DEATH WAITING. BUT WITH THE AID OF HIS MIGHTY STALLION, WHITE WIND, HE BATTLES BRAVELY AGAINST AN INFAMOUS PLOT ENGINEERED BY THE PLAINS' MOST VICIOUS KILLERS.

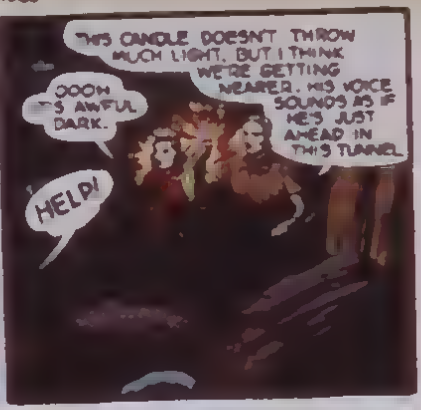

THERE'S A GHOST DOWN THERE! THAT MINE'S HAUNTED! LEMME BY! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! SPOOKS! THEY WON'T GET ME DOWN THERE AGAIN!
EXCITEMENT REIGNS AT THE SAN DESOS GOLD MINE

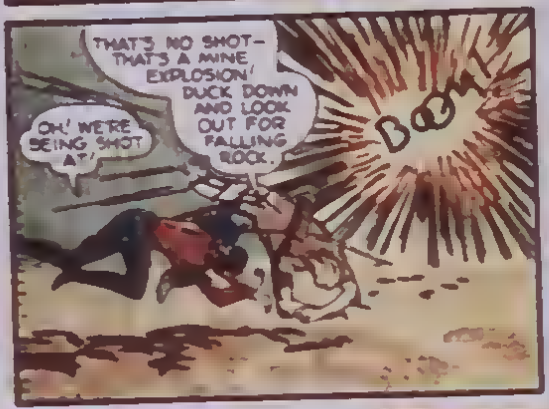

OH GOLDEN ARROW, I'M HAVING EVER SO MUCH TROUBLE WITH THE GOLD MINE I WILL OWN WHEN I'M TWENTY-ONE. THE MEN ALL REFUSE TO WORK THERE. THEY SAY IT'S HAUNTED.
LET'S GO LOOK AT YOUR MINE, CAROL, AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND THIS 'GHOST.'
CAROL BRADDOCK TELLS HER TROUBLES TO GOLDEN ARROW, CHAMPION OF THE WEST.

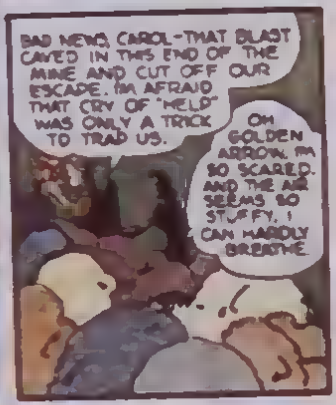
BETTER NOT GO THAT WAY — THERE'S A GHOST OVER THERE IN THAT MINE.
WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF GHOSTS, MISTER.
N-NO, WE'RE N-N-NOT AFF-F-FRAID

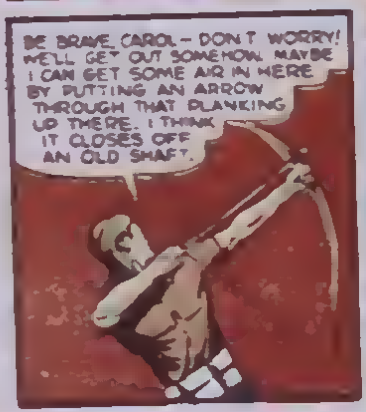
HELP!
W-WHAT'S THAT?
SOMEBODY NEEDS HELP — THAT CALL CAME FROM DOWN IN THE MINE. WHOEVER IT IS MUST BE STUCK DOWN THERE — I'M GOING DOWN TO SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER.

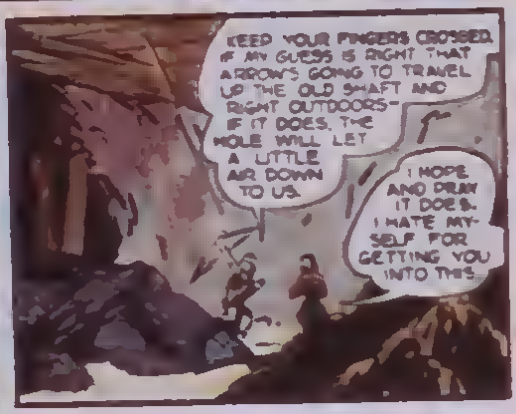
IF YOU'RE GOING DOWN, I'M GOING WITH YOU, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE THIS RISK- SUPPOSE IT IS A GHOST?
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED CAROL. THAT WAS NO GHOST- BUT A HUMAN BEING. LUCKY I KNOW HOW TO OPERATE ONE OF THESE MINE ELEVATORS.


THIS CANDLE DOESN'T THROW MUCH LIGHT, BUT I THINK WE'RE GETTING NEARER. HIS VOICE SOUNDS AS IF HE'S JUST AHEAD IN THIS TUNNEL
OOOH IT'S AWFUL DARK.
HELP!

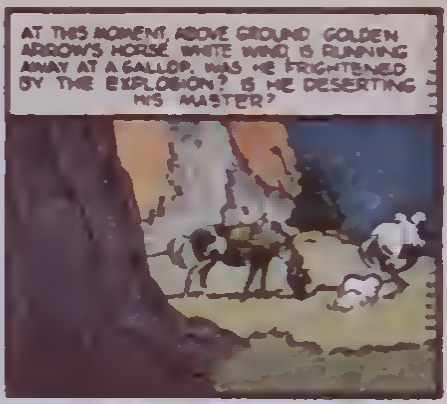

THAT'S NO SHOT- THAT'S A MINE EXPLOSION! DUCK DOWN AND LOOK OUT FOR FALLING ROCK.
OH! WE'RE BEING SHOT AT!
BOOM!

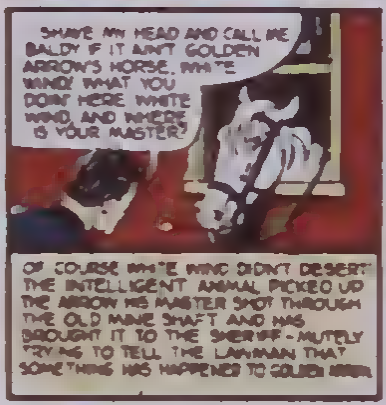

BAD NEWS, CAROL- THAT BLAST CAVED IN THIS END OF THE MINE AND CUT OFF OUR ESCAPE. I'M AFRAID THAT CRY OF "HELP" WAS ONLY A TRICK TO TRAP US.
OH GOLDEN ARROW, I'M SO SCARED. AND THE AIR SEEMS SO STUFFY, I CAN HARDLY BREATHE.

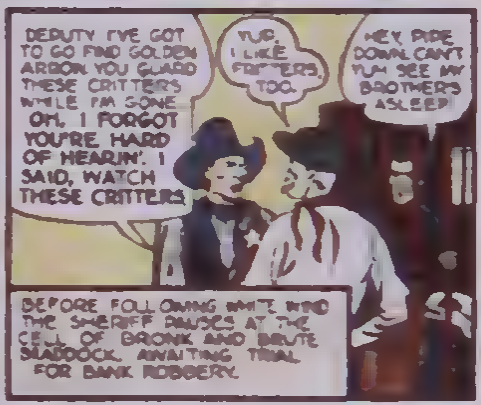

BE BRAVE, CAROL- DON'T WORRY! WE'LL GET OUT SOMEHOW. MAYBE I CAN GET SOME AIR IN HERE BY PUTTING AN ARROW THROUGH THAT PLANKING UP THERE. I THINK IT CLOSES OFF AN OLD SHAFT.

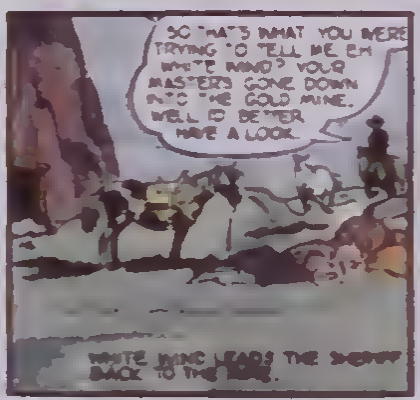

KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED. IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT THAT ARROW'S GOING TO TRAVEL UP THE OLD SHAFT AND RIGHT OUTDOORS- IF IT DOES, THE HOLE WILL LET A LITTLE AIR DOWN TO US.
I HOPE AND PRAY IT DOES. I HATE MYSELF FOR GETTING YOU INTO THIS.

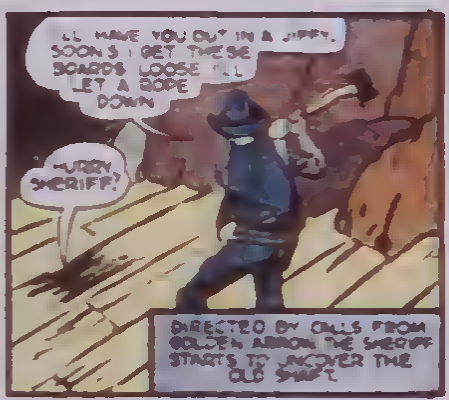
LOOK, CAROL, THAT ARROW DID IT! NOW WE'LL AT LEAST GET AIR.
THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT! BUT WE'RE NOT OUT OF HERE YET. NOBODY KNOWS WE'RE DOWN HERE. MAYBE WE'LL STARVE TO DEATH BEFORE ANYBODY COMES TO RESCUE US!

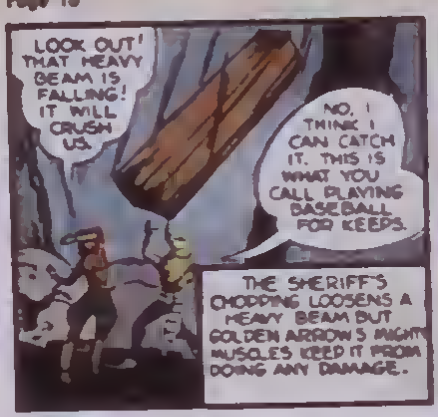

AT THIS MOMENT, ABOVE GROUND GOLDEN ARROW'S HORSE WHITE WIND IS RUNNING AWAY AT A GALLOP. WAS HE FRIGHTENED BY THE EXPLOSION? IS HE DESERTING HIS MASTER?

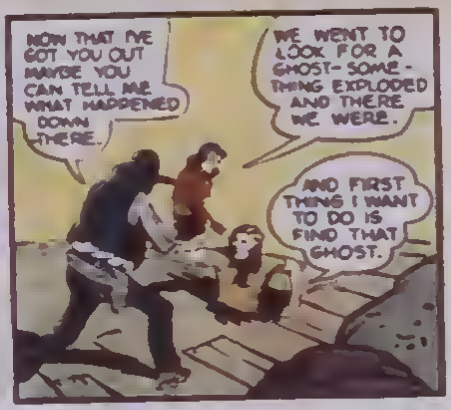

SHAVE MY HEAD AND CALL ME BALDY IF IT AIN'T GOLDEN ARROW'S HORSE, WHITE WIND! WHAT YOU DOIN' HERE WHITE WIND, AND WHERE IS YOUR MASTER?
OF COURSE WHITE WIND DIDN'T DESERT! THE INTELLIGENT ANIMAL PICKED UP THE ARROW HIS MASTER SHOT THROUGH THE OLD MINE SHAFT AND HAS BROUGHT IT TO THE SHERIFF - MUTELY TRYING TO TELL THE LAWMAN THAT SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO GOLDEN ARROW

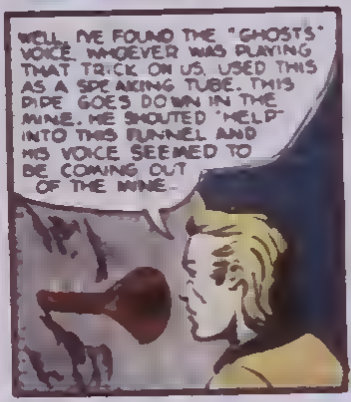

DEPUTY I'VE GOT TO GO FIND GOLDEN ARROW YOU GUARD THESE CRITTERS WHILE I'M GONE. OH, I FORGOT YOU'RE HARD OF HEARIN'. I SAID, WATCH THESE CRITTERS!
YUP, I LIKE CRITTERS, TOO.
HEY, RIDE DOWN, CAN'T YUH SEE MY BROTHER'S ASLEEP
BEFORE FOLLOWING WHITE WIND THE SHERIFF PAUSES AT THE CELL OF BRONK AND BRUTE MADDOCK, AWAITING TRIAL FOR BANK ROBBERY.

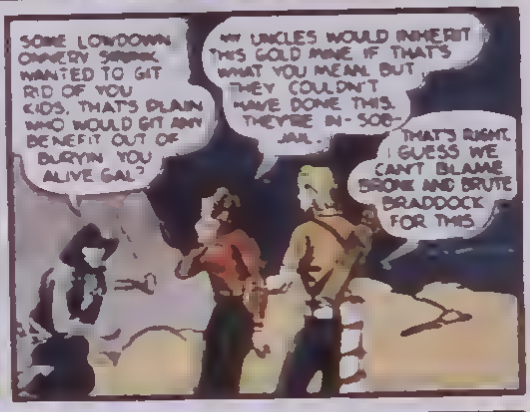

SO THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE TRYING TO TELL ME, EH WHITE WIND? YOUR MASTER'S GONE DOWN INTO THE GOLD MINE. WELL I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK.
WHITE WIND HEARS THE SHERIFF BACK TO THE MINE.

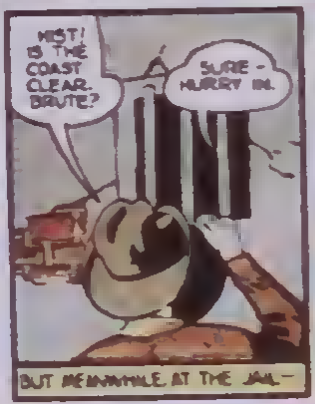

I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A JIFFY. SOON'S I GET THESE BOARDS LOOSE I'LL LET A ROPE DOWN
HURRY, SHERIFF!
DIRECTED BY CALLS FROM GOLDEN ARROW THE SHERIFF STARTS TO UNCOVER THE OLD SHAFT.

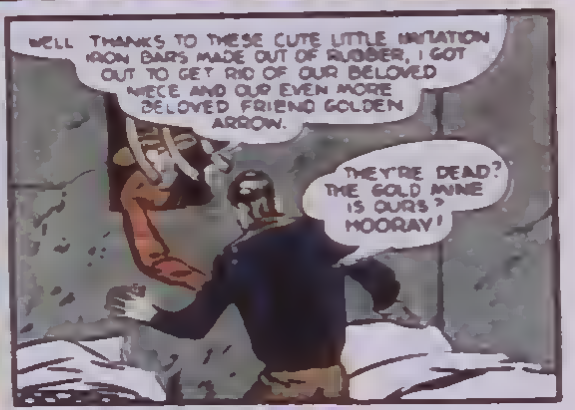

LOOK OUT! THAT HEAVY BEAM IS FALLING! IT WILL CRUSH US.
NO, I THINK I CAN CATCH IT. THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL PLAYING BASEBALL FOR KEEPS.
THE SHERIFF'S CHOPPING LOOSENS A HEAVY BEAM BUT GOLDEN ARROW'S MIGHTY MUSCLES KEEP IT FROM DOING ANY DAMAGE.

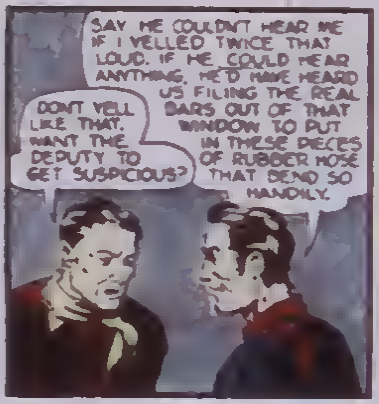

NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOU OUT MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED DOWN THERE.
WE WENT TO LOOK FOR A GHOST- SOMETHING EXPLODED AND THERE WE WERE.
AND FIRST THING I WANT TO DO IS FIND THAT GHOST.

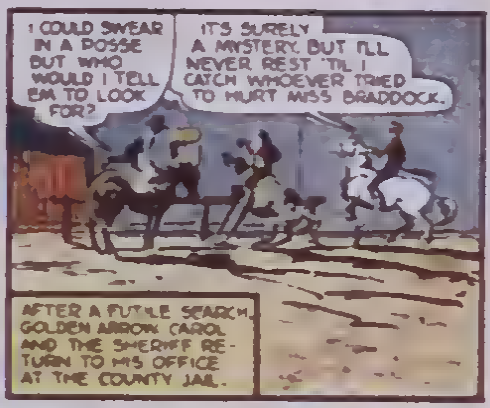

WELL, I'VE FOUND THE "GHOSTS" VOICE. WHOEVER WAS PLAYING THAT TRICK ON US, USED THIS AS A SPEAKING TUBE. THIS PIPE GOES DOWN IN THE MINE. HE SHOUTED 'HELP' INTO THIS FUNNEL AND HIS VOICE SEEMED TO BE COMING OUT OF THE MINE.

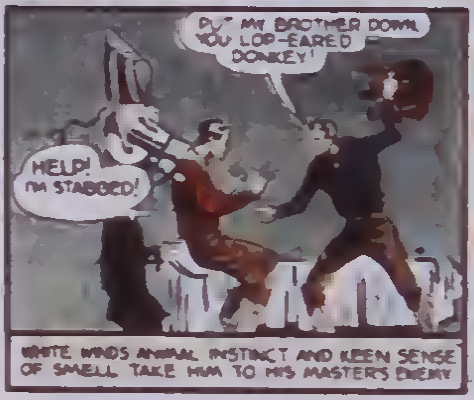

SOME LOWDOWN CRAVEN SKUNK WANTED TO GIT RID OF YOU KIDS. THAT'S PLAIN WHO WOULD GIT ANY BENEFIT OUT OF BURYIN YOU ALIVE GAL?
MY UNCLES WOULD INHERIT THIS GOLD MINE IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN, BUT THEY COULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS. THEY'RE IN- SOB- JAIL.
THAT'S RIGHT. I GUESS WE CAN'T BLAME BRONK AND BRUTE BRADDOCK FOR THIS.


PST! IS THE COAST CLEAR, BRUTE?
SURE - HURRY IN.
BUT MEANWHILE AT THE JAIL—


WELL THANKS TO THESE CUTE LITTLE IMITATION IRON BARS MADE OUT OF RUBBER, I GOT OUT TO GET RID OF OUR BELOVED NIECE AND OUR EVEN MORE BELOVED FRIEND GOLDEN ARROW.
THEY'RE DEAD? THE GOLD MINE IS OURS? HOORAY!

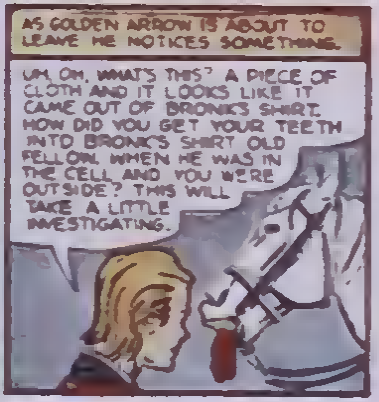

SAY ME COULDN'T HEAR ME IF I YELLED TWICE THAT LOUD. IF ME COULD HEAR ANYTHING, HE'D HAVE HEARD US FILING THE REAL BARS OUT OF THAT WINDOW TO PUT IN THESE PIECES OF RUBBER HOSE THAT BEND SO HANDILY.
DON'T YELL LIKE THAT. WANT THE DEPUTY TO GET SUSPICIOUS?

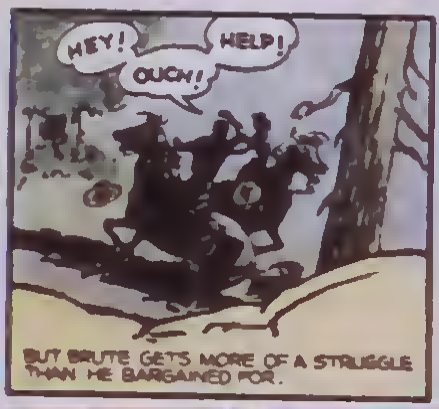

I COULD SWEAR IN A POSSE BUT WHO WOULD I TELL 'EM TO LOOK FOR?
IT'S SURELY A MYSTERY. BUT I'LL NEVER REST 'TIL I CATCH WHOEVER TRIED TO HURT MISS BRADDOCK.
AFTER A FUTILE SEARCH, GOLDEN ARROW CARROL AND THE SHERIFF RETURN TO HIS OFFICE AT THE COUNTY JAIL.


PUT MY BROTHER DOWN, YOU LOP-EARED DONKEY!
HELP! I'M STABBED!
WHITE WINDS ANIMAL INSTINCT AND KEEN SENSE OF SMELL TAKE HIM TO HIS MASTER'S ENEMY

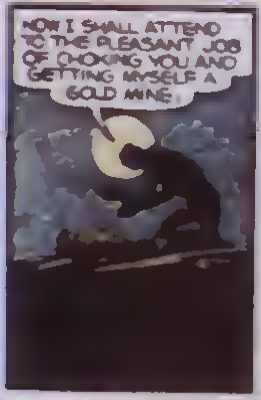
HELP! I'M STABBED!
WHAT'S THAT?
PUT MY BROTHER DOWN, YOU LOP-EARED DONKEY!
BRONK AND BRUTE'S SHOUTS ARE HEARD IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

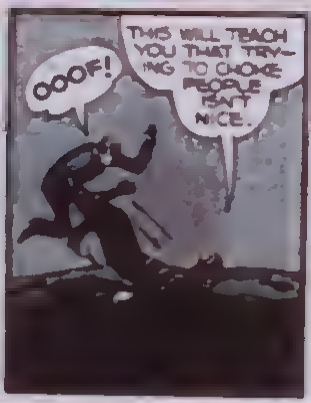
WHAT HAPPENED HERE — YOU BOYS BEEN FIGHTING?
NO SHERIFF, I WAS SLEEPIN AND I GUESS I RODE A NIGHT-MARE. THEN I FELL OFF THE COT AN TORE MY SHIRT. GUESS I HOLLERED SOME, TOO!


AS GOLDEN ARROW IS ABOUT TO LEAVE HE NOTICES SOMETHING.
UM, OH, WHAT'S THIS? A PIECE OF CLOTH AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT CAME OUT OF BRONK'S SHIRT. HOW DID YOU GET YOUR TEETH INTO BRONK'S SHIRT, OLD FELLOW, WHEN HE WAS IN THE CELL AND YOU WERE OUTSIDE? THIS WILL TAKE A LITTLE INVESTIGATING.

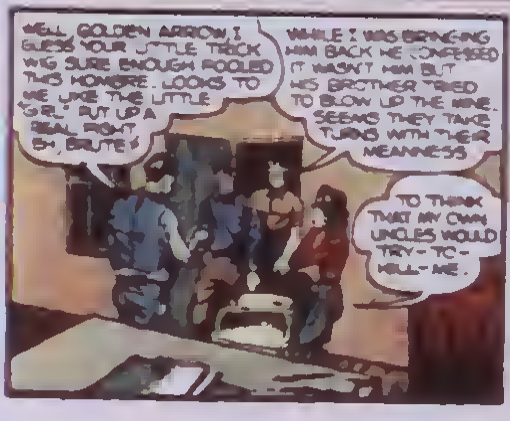

HEY!
HELP!
OUCH!
BUT BRUTE GETS MORE OF A STRUGGLE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

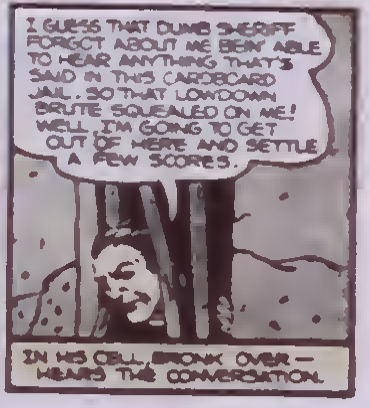
WE'RE FALLING OFF!
LOOK OUT!
TAKE THAT!

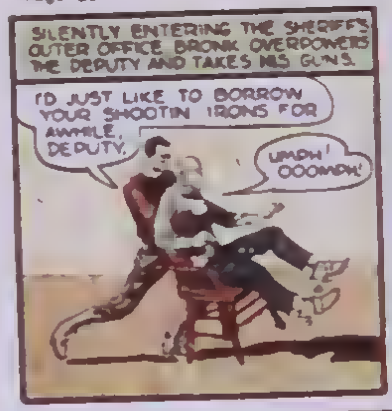

NOW I SHALL ATTEND TO THE PLEASANT JOB OF CHOKING YOU AND GETTING MYSELF A GOLD MINE.

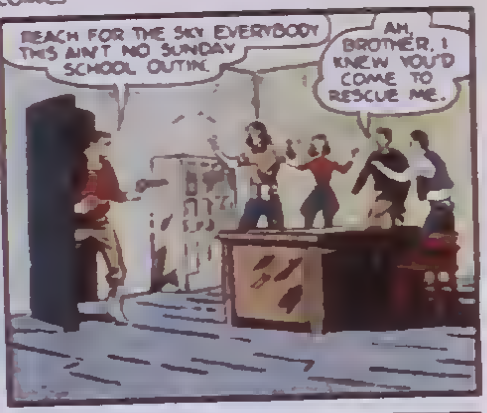

OOOF!
THIS WILL TEACH YOU THAT TRYING TO CHOKE PEOPLE ISN'T NICE.

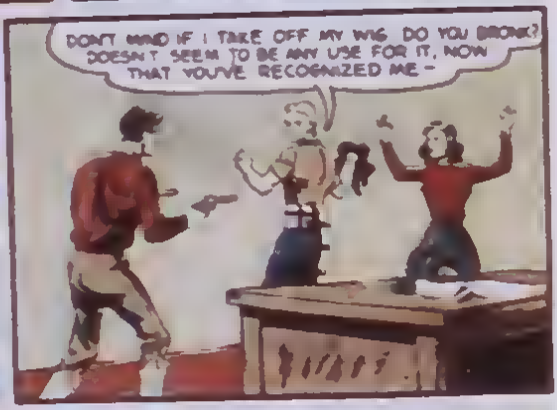
A SHORT TIME LATER, THE SHERIFF RECEIVES VISITORS.
HERE'S SOMETHING YOU LOST ISN'T IT, SHERIFF?

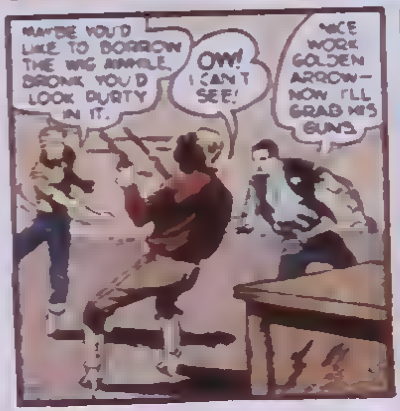

WELL, GOLDEN ARROW, I GUESS YOUR LITTLE TRICK WIG SURE ENOUGH FOOLED THIS HOMBRE. LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE LITTLE GIRL PUT UP A REAL FIGHT EH, BRUTE?
WHILE I WAS BRINGING HIM BACK HE CONFESSED IT WASN'T HIM BUT HIS BROTHER TRIED TO BLOW UP THE MINE. SEEMS THEY TAKE TURNS WITH THEIR MEANNESS.
TO THINK THAT MY OWN UNCLES WOULD TRY-TO-KILL-ME.

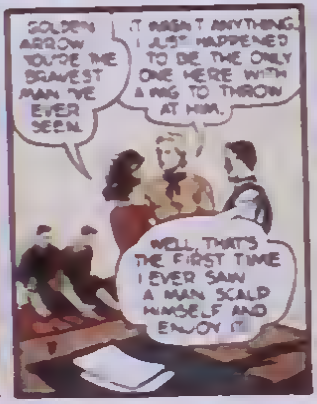

I GUESS THAT DUMB SHERIFF FORGOT ABOUT ME BEIN' ABLE TO HEAR ANYTHING THAT'S SAID IN THIS CARDBOARD JAIL. SO THAT LOWDOWN BRUTE SQUEALED ON ME! WELL, I'M GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE AND SETTLE A FEW SCORES.
IN HIS CELL, BRONK OVER-HEARS THIS CONVERSATION.


SILENTLY ENTERING THE SHERIFF'S OUTER OFFICE, BRONK OVERPOWERS THE DEPUTY AND TAKES HIS GUNS.
I'D JUST LIKE TO BORROW YOUR SHOOTIN IRONS FOR AWHILE, DEPUTY.
UMPH! OOOMPH!





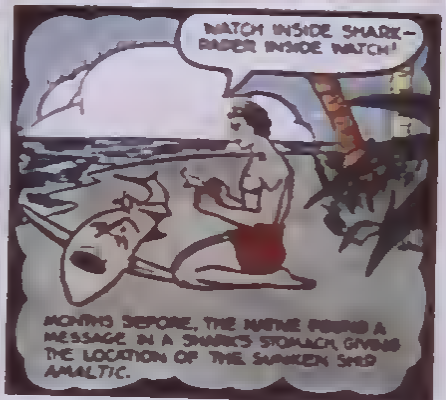

MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO BORROW THE WIG AWHILE, BRONK. YOU'D LOOK PURTY IN IT.
OW! I CAN'T SEE!
NICE WORK GOLDEN ARROW— NOW I'LL GRAB HIS GUNS.

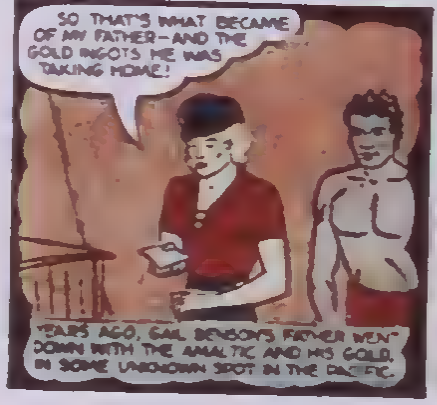

GOLDEN ARROW YOU'RE THE BRAVEST MAN I'VE EVER SEEN.
IT WASN'T ANYTHING I JUST HAPPENED TO BE THE ONLY ONE HERE WITH A WIG TO THROW AT HIM.
WELL, THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW A MAN SCALP HIMSELF AND ENJOY IT!

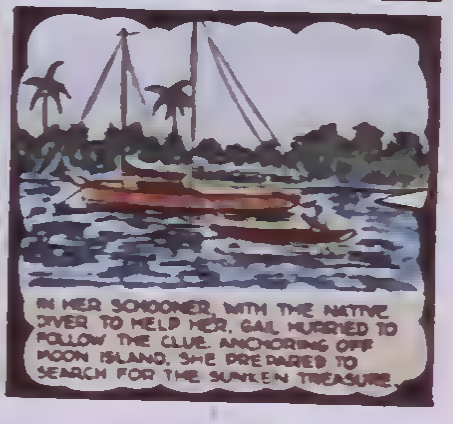
GOLDEN ARROW IS BRAVE BUT IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **WHIZ COMICS** HE MEETS UP WITH A RANGER TO SCARE EVEN THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE- LOOK FOR IT!

THIS NATIVE LOOKS LIKE HE'S HAD A LONG TRIP EH CAP'N DOOM?
YE'RE NOT PREEVARICATIN' SON.
OH-OH-OH!
CONKEY AND HIS GUEST, DANIEL DOOM, REFORMED PIRATE, RESCUE AN EXHAUSTED NATIVE WASHED UP ON THE SHORE OF MALOANA ISLAND, LANCE'S SOUTH SEA HOME.

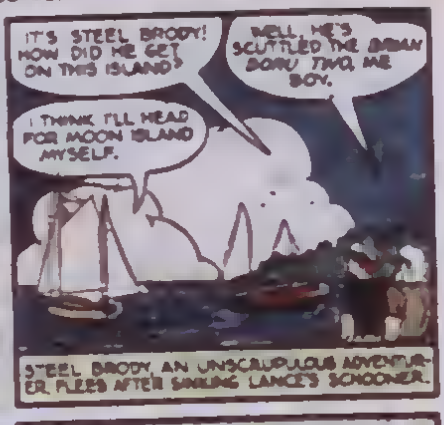
ME WASHED OUT TO SEA—FROM MOON ISLAND.
FROM THE NATIVE LANCE HEARS A FANTASTIC STORY ABOUT A SUNKEN TREASURE.

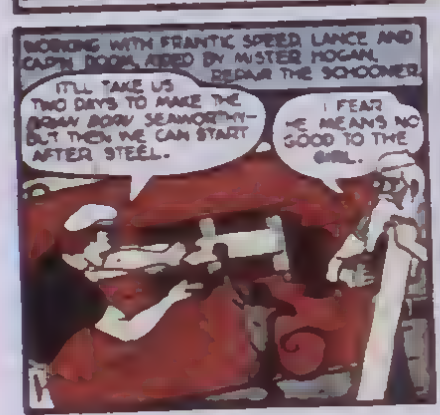

WATCH INSIDE SHARK—RIDER INSIDE WATCH!
MONTHS BEFORE, THE NATIVE FOUND A MESSAGE IN A SHARK'S STOMACH, GIVING THE LOCATION OF THE SUNKEN SHIP AMALTIC.

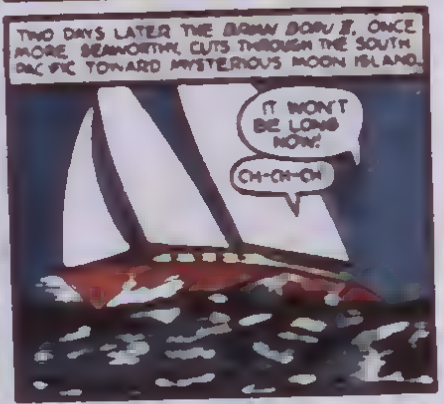

SO THAT'S WHAT BECAME OF MY FATHER—AND THE GOLD INGOTS HE WAS TAKING HOME!
YEARS AGO, GAIL DENSON'S FATHER WENT DOWN WITH THE AMALTIC AND HIS GOLD, IN SOME UNKNOWN SPOT IN THE PACIFIC.

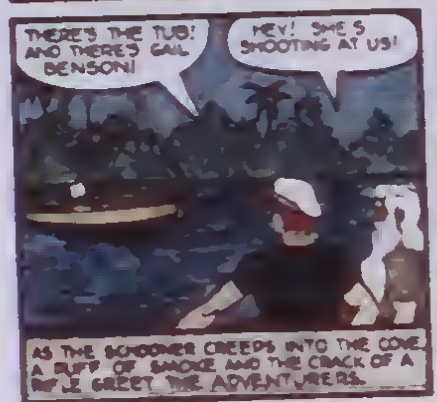

IN HER SCHOONER, WITH THE NATIVE DIVER TO HELP HER, GAIL HURRIED TO FOLLOW THE CLUE. ANCHORING OFF MOON ISLAND, SHE PREPARED TO SEARCH FOR THE SUNKEN TREASURE.

I GO WITH MISS TO DIVE FOR TREASURE BUT BIG WIND BLOW ME OUT TO SEA—
WHAT'S WRONG, MISTER HOGAN?
CH-CH-CH!
AS THE NATIVE FINISHES HIS STORY, AN EAVES-DROPPER FLEES THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH.

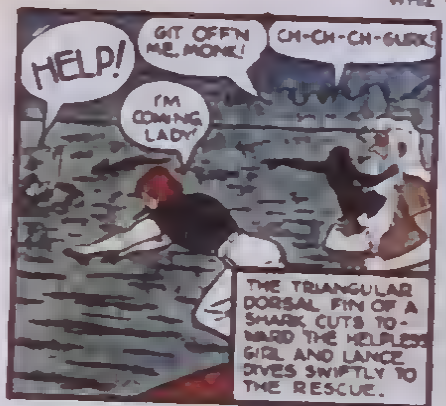

IT'S STEEL BRODY! HOW DID HE GET ON THIS ISLAND?
WELL, HE'S SCUTTLED THE BORAU BORU TWO, ME BOY.
I THINK I'LL HEAD FOR MOON ISLAND MYSELF.
STEEL BRODY, AN UNSCRUPULOUS ADVENTUR-ER, FLEES AFTER SINKING LANCE'S SCHOONER.

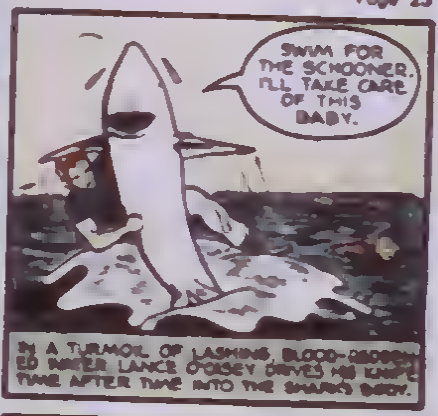

WORKING WITH FRANTIC SPEED, LANCE AND CAPTN. BOOM, AIDED BY MISTER HOGAN, REPAIR THE SCHOONER.
IT'LL TAKE US TWO DAYS TO MAKE THE BORAU BORU SEAWORTHY— BUT THEN WE CAN START AFTER STEEL.
I FEAR ME MEANS NO GOOD TO THE GIRL.

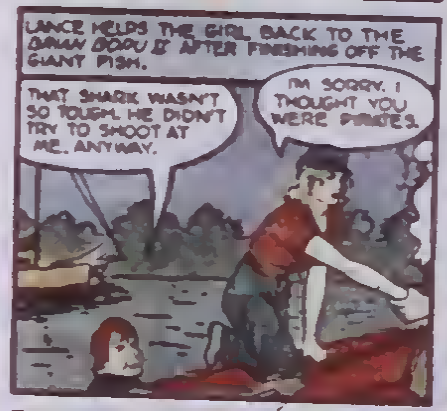

TWO DAYS LATER THE BORAU BORU II, ONCE MORE SEAWORTHY, CUTS THROUGH THE SOUTH PACIFIC TOWARD MYSTERIOUS MOON ISLAND.
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
CH-CH-CH

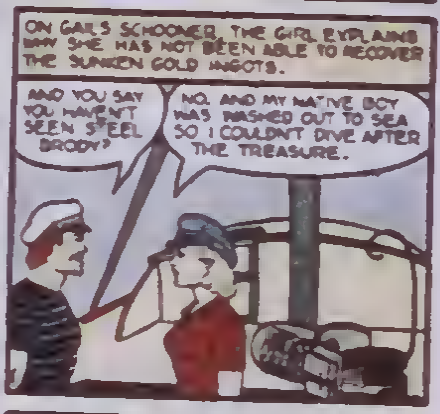

THERE'S THE TUB! AND THERE'S GAIL BENSON!
HEY! SHE'S SHOOTING AT US!
AS THE SCHOONER CREEPS INTO THE COVE A PUFF OF SMOKE AND THE CRACK OF A RIFLE GREET THE ADVENTURERS.

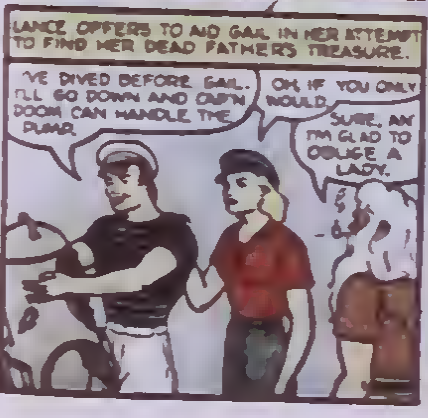
PIRATES, EH? I'LL SHOW THEM— OH! HELP!
AS THE BOAT LURCHES, GAIL LOSES HER FOOTING AND FALLS OVERBOARD INTO WATERS TEEMING WITH SAVAGE SHARKS.

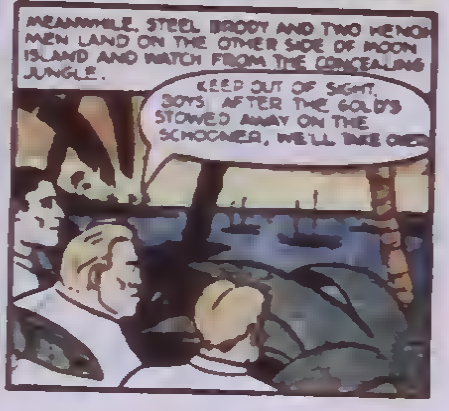

HELP!
GIT OFF'N ME, MONK!
CH-CH-CH-GURK
I'M COMING LADY!
THE TRIANGULAR DORSAL FIN OF A SHARK CUTS TOWARD THE HELPLESS GIRL AND LANCE DIVES SWIFTLY TO THE RESCUE.


SWIM FOR THE SCHOONER. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS BABY.
IN A TURMOIL OF LASHING, BLOOD-DISCOLORED WATER LANCE O'DAY DRIVES HIS KNIFE TIME AFTER TIME INTO THE SHARK'S BODY.

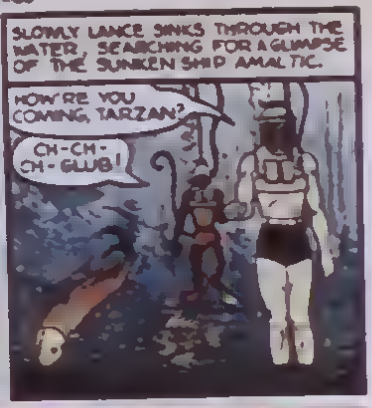

LANCE HELPS THE GIRL BACK TO THE CANOE BODY IS AFTER FINISHING OFF THE GIANT FISH.
THAT SHARK WASN'T SO TOUGH. HE DIDN'T TRY TO SHOOT AT ME. ANYWAY.
I'M SORRY. I THOUGHT YOU WERE PIRATES.

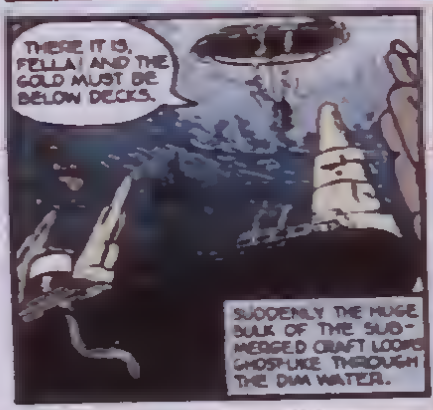

ON GAIL'S SCHOONER, THE GIRL EXPLAINS WHY SHE HAS NOT BEEN ABLE TO RECOVER THE SUNKEN GOLD INGOTS.
AND YOU SAY YOU HAVEN'T SEEN STEEL BRODY?
NO. AND MY NATIVE BOY WAS WASHED OUT TO SEA SO I COULDN'T DIVE AFTER THE TREASURE.

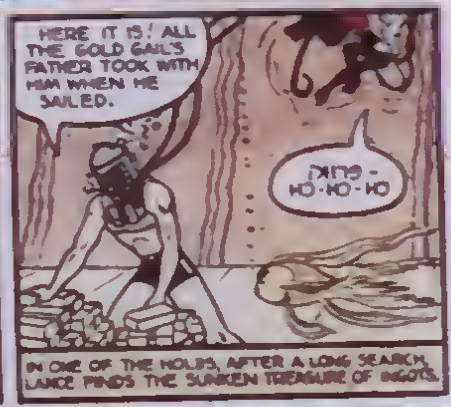

LANCE OFFERS TO AID GAIL IN HER ATTEMPT TO FIND HER DEAD FATHER'S TREASURE.
I'VE DIVED BEFORE, GAIL. I'LL GO DOWN AND OUR DOOM CAN HANDLE THE PUMP.
OH, IF YOU ONLY WOULD.
SURE, AN' I'M GLAD TO OBLIGE A LADY.

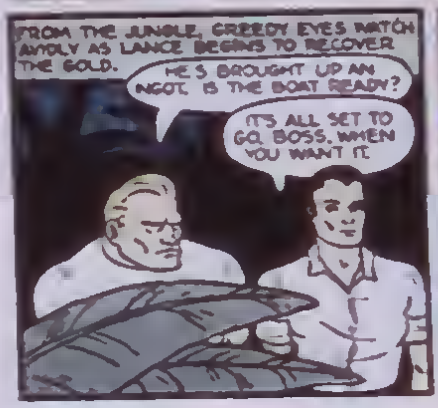

MEANWHILE, STEEL BRODY AND TWO HENCHMEN LAND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF MOON ISLAND AND WATCH FROM THE CONCEALING JUNGLE.
KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, BOYS. AFTER THE GOLD'S STOWED AWAY ON THE SCHOONER, WE'LL TAKE OVER.

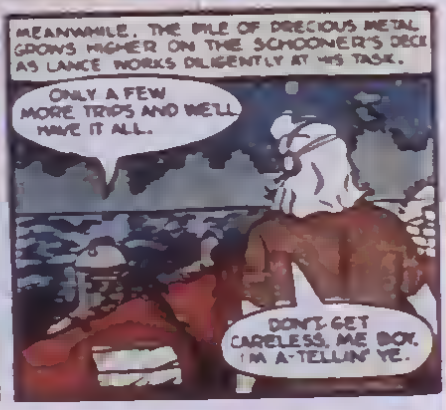
IN DIVING GEAR, O'CASEY GOES OVER-SIDE INTO THE MYSTERIOUS DEPTHS OF THE LAGOON.
IS THE TELEPHONE WORKING, LAD?
IT'S OKAY, CAP'N. COME ON, MISTER HOGAN.
CH-CH-CH!
BE CAREFUL, LANCE.


SLOWLY LANCE SINKS THROUGH THE WATER, SEARCHING FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE SUNKEN SHIP AMALTIC.
HOW'RE YOU COMING, TARZAN?
CH-CH-CH-GLUB!

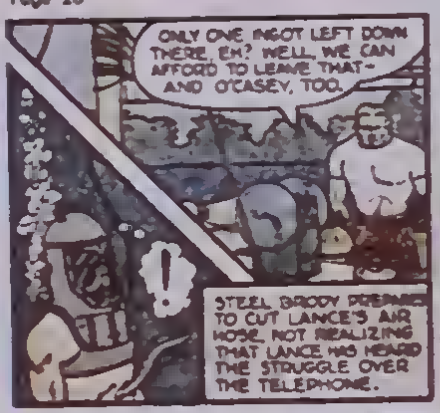

THERE IT IS, PELLA! AND THE GOLD MUST BE BELOW DECKS.
SUDDENLY THE HUGE BULK OF THE SUB-MERGED CRAFT LOOMS GHOST-LIKE THROUGH THE DIM WATER.

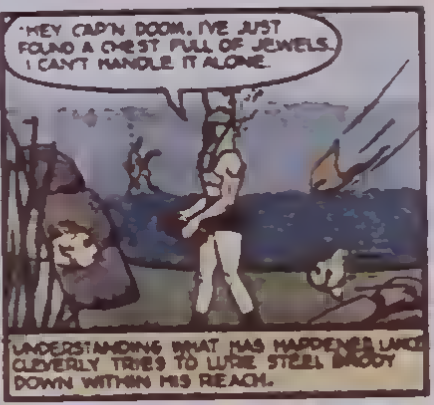

HERE IT IS! ALL THE GOLD GAIL'S FATHER TOOK WITH HIM WHEN HE SAILED.
HO-HO-HO-GULK!
IN ONE OF THE HOLDS, AFTER A LONG SEARCH, LANCE FINDS THE SUNKEN TREASURE OF INGOTS.

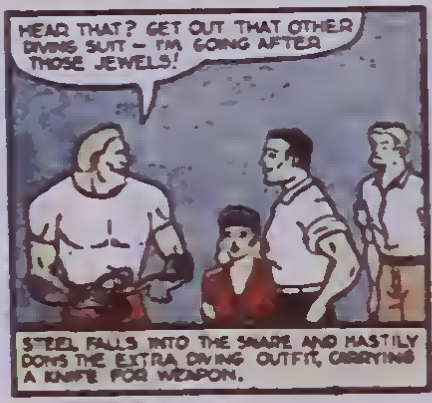

FROM THE JUNGLE, GREEDY EYES WATCH AVIDLY AS LANCE BEGINS TO RECOVER THE GOLD.
HE'S BROUGHT UP AN INGOT. IS THE BOAT READY?
IT'S ALL SET TO GO, BOSS. WHEN YOU WANT IT.

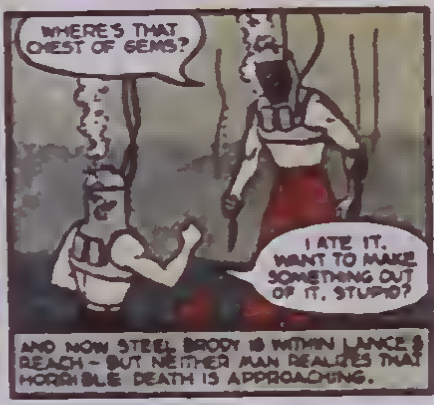

MEANWHILE, THE PILE OF PRECIOUS METAL GROWS HIGHER ON THE SCHOONER'S DECK AS LANCE WORKS DILIGENTLY AT HIS TASK.
ONLY A FEW MORE TRIPS AND WE'LL HAVE IT ALL.
DON'T GET CARELESS, ME BOY. I'M A-TELLIN' YE.

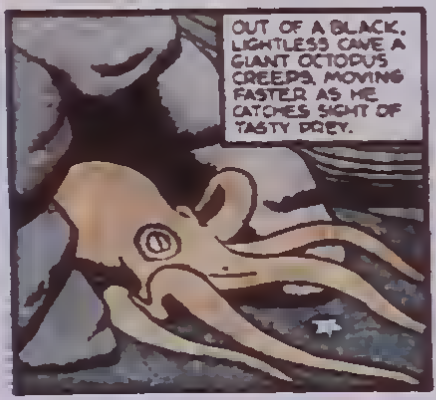
COME ON, MISTER HOGAN. WHAT'S KEEPING YOU?
THE MONKEY'S CURIOSITY GETS THE BEST OF HIM AS HE PAUSES TO INVESTIGATE THE INTERIOR OF A GIANT CLAM.
THE CLAM RESENTS THE INTRUSION - AND SUDDENLY CLOSES UP LIKE A CLAM!
OH-CH-CH-YIPE!
LANCE SPEEDS TO THE RESCUE OF HIS TERRIFIED FIRST MATE, UNSHEATHING HIS ONLY WEAPON, A KNIFE.
HOLD ON, FELLA! I'M COMING AS FAST AS I CAN.
THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, BUDDY. EVEN IF IT IS MONKEY BUSINESS.
OH-CH-OH-AWRK!
LUCKILY UNINJURED, MISTER HOGAN CHATTERS HIS RELIEF AND PROMISES NEVER TO DO IT AGAIN.
ONE MORE TRIP AND THE JOB'S DONE. YOU'D BETTER STAY TOPSIDE, MISTER HOGAN - YOU LOOK WEAK.
RIGHT YE ARE, LAD!
YOU WILL BE CAREFUL, WON'T YOU?
CH-CH-WHEW!
THERE IS ONLY ONE MORE INGOT LEFT IN THE SUNKEN HULK AND LANCE GOES AFTER IT.
AT THAT MOMENT STEEL BRODY AND HIS HENCHMEN CLOSE IN UPON THE UNSUSPECTING TREASURE HUNTERS.
THEY HAVEN'T SEEN US. KEEP YOUR GUNS READY!
LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!
COME ON, YE BLASTED FLOP-EARED SWABS! I'LL TEAR YE APART AND CHAWN YE INTO HASH!
OH! HELP!
GRR-!
DANIEL DOOM, GAIL AND MISTER HOGAN PUT UP A VALIANT BATTLE BUT, TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THEY ARE OVERPOWERED.

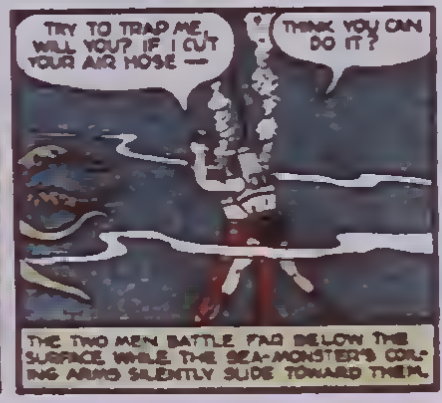

ONLY ONE INGOT LEFT DOWN THERE, EH? WELL, WE CAN AFFORD TO LEAVE THAT— AND O'CASEY, TOO.
!
STEEL BRODY PREPARES TO CUT LANCE'S AIR HOSE, NOT REALIZING THAT LANCE HAS HEARD THE STRUGGLE OVER THE TELEPHONE.


HEY CAP'N DOOM, I'VE JUST FOUND A CHEST FULL OF JEWELS. I CAN'T HANDLE IT ALONE.
UNDERSTANDING WHAT HAS HAPPENED LANCE CLEVERLY TRIES TO LURE STEEL BRODY DOWN WITHIN HIS REACH.

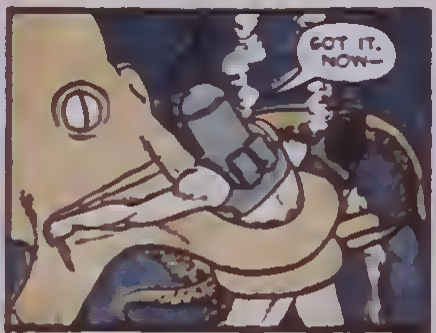

HEAR THAT? GET OUT THAT OTHER DIVING SUIT — I'M GOING AFTER THOSE JEWELS!
STEEL FALLS INTO THE SNARE AND HASTILY DONS THE EXTRA DIVING OUTFIT, CARRYING A KNIFE FOR WEAPON.


WHERE'S THAT CHEST OF GEMS?
I ATE IT. WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF IT, STUPID?
AND NOW STEEL BRODY IS WITHIN LANCE'S REACH — BUT NEITHER MAN REALIZES THAT HORRIBLE DEATH IS APPROACHING.

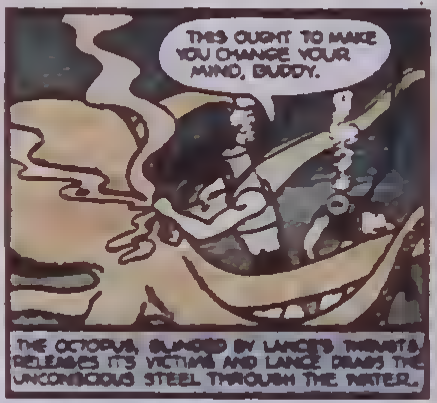

OUT OF A BLACK, LIGHTLESS CAVE A GIANT OCTOPUS CREEPS, MOVING FASTER AS HE CATCHES SIGHT OF TASTY PREY.


TRY TO TRAP ME, WILL YOU? IF I CUT YOUR AIR HOSE —
THINK YOU CAN DO IT?
THE TWO MEN BATTLE FAR BELOW THE SURFACE WHILE THE SEA-MONSTER'S COILING ARMS SILENTLY SLIDE TOWARD THEM.

THE TERRIFIED STEEL DROPS HIS ONLY WEAPON LEAVING BOTH HIM AND LANCE HELPLESS IN THE IRON GRIP OF THE MONSTER.



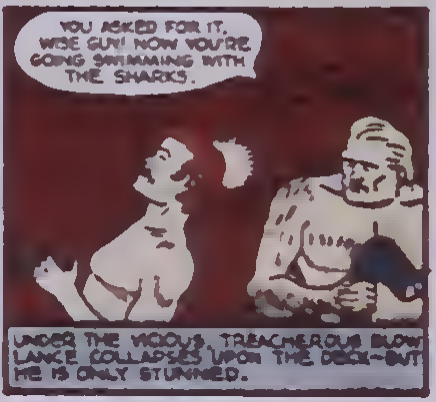
WITH A TERRIFIC EFFORT LANCE MANAGES TO REACH THE KNIFE AND PLUNGES IT DEEP INTO HIS CAPTOR.



THE OCTOPUS, STUNNED BY LANCE'S THRUST, RELEASES ITS VICTIMS AND LANCE DRAGS THE UNCONSCIOUS STEEL THROUGH THE WATER.

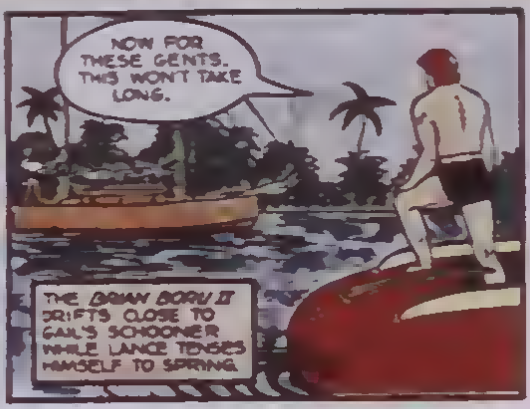
LANCE CLIMBS THE ANCHOR ROPE OF THE *SPHAY BORN II* AND DRAGS HIMSELF AND STEEL INTO THE SCHOONER.

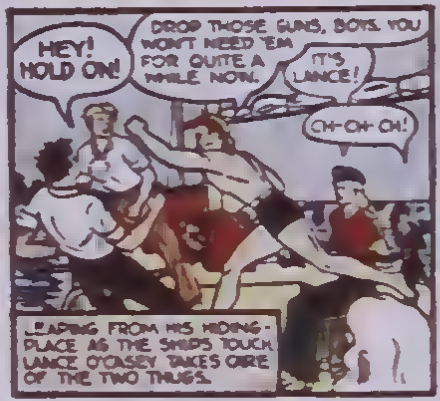
THE TIDE'S RIGHT, SO IF I LOOSE MY MOORINGS I'LL DRIFT TOWARD GAIL'S BOAT.
AS LANCE CASTS LOOSE THE ANCHOR, HE DOES NOT REALIZE THAT STEEL HAS RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS.

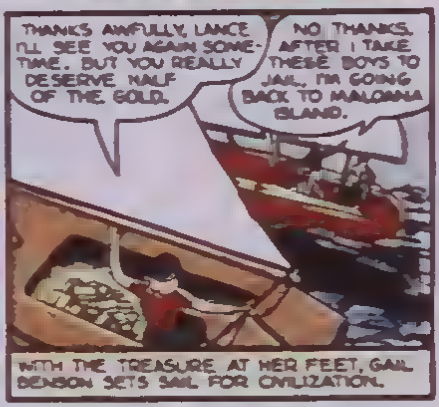


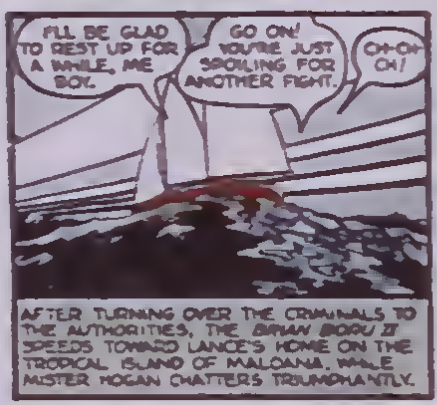
UNDER THE VICIOUS, TREACHEROUS BLOW LANCE COLLAPSES UPON THE DECK—BUT HE IS ONLY STUNNED.

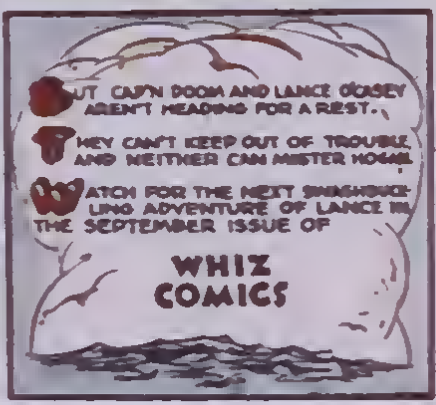
YOW!
I'M GETTING TIRED OF THIS, BUDDY. WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP?
WITH A SWIFT MOTION LANCE PULLS STEEL CLOSE AND DELIVERS A KNOCK-OUT PUNCH ON THE KILLER'S JAW.


NOW FOR THESE GENTS. THIS WON'T TAKE LONG.
THE BRIAN BORU II DRIFTS CLOSE TO GAIL'S SCHOONER WHILE LANCE TENSES HIMSELF TO SPRING.


HEY! HOLD ON!
DROP THOSE GUNS, BOYS. YOU WON'T NEED 'EM FOR QUITE A WHILE NOW.
IT'S LANCE!
CH-OH-OH!
LEAPING FROM HIS HIDING-PLACE AS THE SHIPS TOUCH LANCE O'CASEY TAKES CARE OF THE TWO THUGS.


THANKS AWFULLY, LANCE. I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN SOMETIME. BUT YOU REALLY DESERVE HALF OF THE GOLD.
NO, THANKS. AFTER I TAKE THESE BOYS TO JAIL, I'M GOING BACK TO MALOANIA ISLAND.
WITH THE TREASURE AT HER FEET, GAIL BENSON SETS SAIL FOR CIVILIZATION.

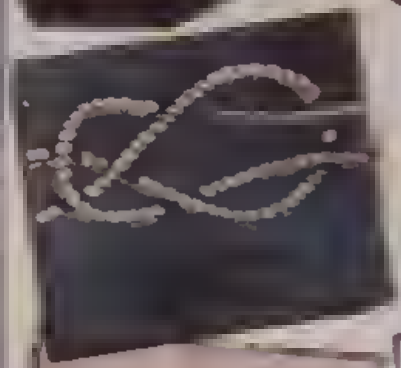

I'LL BE GLAD TO REST UP FOR A WHILE, ME BOY.
GO ON! YOU'RE JUST SPOILING FOR ANOTHER FIGHT.
CH-OH-OH!
AFTER TURNING OVER THE CRIMINALS TO THE AUTHORITIES, THE BRIAN BORU II SPEEDS TOWARD LANCE'S HOME ON THE TROPICAL ISLAND OF MALOANIA, WHILE MISTER MOGAN CHATTERS TRIUMPHANTLY.


BUT CAP'N DOOM AND LANCE O'CASEY AREN'T HEADING FOR A REST.
THEY CAN'T KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE AND NEITHER CAN MISTER MOGAN.
WATCH FOR THE NEXT SWASHBUCKLING ADVENTURE OF LANCE IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF
WHIZ COMICS

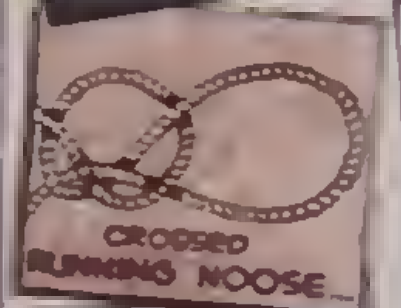
SEA DOGS

by LANCE O'CASEY

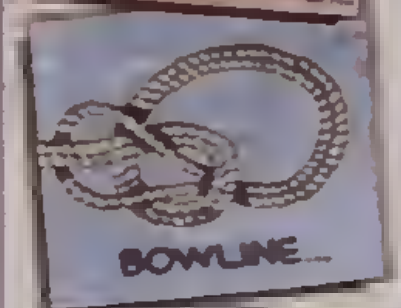
AHOY! BOYS AND GIRLS! HERE ARE MORE SAILOR'S KNOTS AND AMAZING SEA FACTS—JUST AS I PROMISED YOU! THESE KNOTS ARE A TRIFLE MORE DIFFICULT, BUT I KNOW WITH A LITTLE PRACTISE YOU WILL MASTER THEM...! BON VOYAGE UNTIL NEXT MONTH!



CROSSED RUNNING NOOSE...



BOWLINE...



DOGSHANK...

MORE LANCE O'CASEY SEA-LORE IN NEXT MONTH'S WHIZ COMICS DON'T MISS IT!

FERNÃO DE MAGELLAN NEVER SAILED AROUND THE WORLD! HE WAS KILLED IN THE PHILIPPINES IN 1521—18 OF HIS CREW THEN COMPLETED THE VOYAGE!

CAPT. ROBERT KIDD—MOST FAMOUS OF ALL PIRATES—WAS NOT A PIRATE! HE WAS A PRIVATEER—A PERFECTLY LEGITIMATE PROFESSION IN THOSE DAYS!

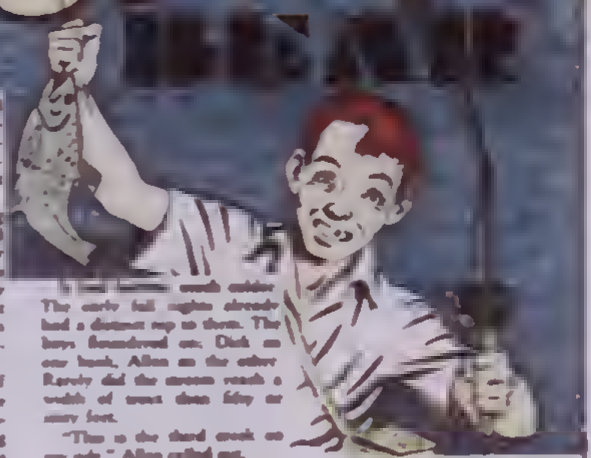
SEA LANGUAGE

SHEET...ROPE ATTACHED TO A SAIL.
CHIPS...SHIP'S CARPENTER.
SPOUTER...WHALING SHIP
BOSS...SHIP'S PURSER.

KNOW YOUR FLAGS

COMMODORE U.S. NAVY

Horned



"OH, DICK, I've hooked a beast!" Allen Rob-erson excitedly called to his friend Dick Grayson. His red hair glowing like an overripe tomato hung in the fast fading rays of the dying sun.

"Better think of another hook," his friend, Richard Grayson, called out. He was taller and heavier than Allen. His black hair was carefully combed down. He felt that he, at 17—a year more than Allen—enjoyed a great responsibility on his shoulders.

"Oh, oh, what do you think of this one?" excitedly asked the redhaired boy wading downstream toward Dick and holding up a rock-sized trout. "This beats your big one all hollow, doesn't—"

"Whoa," interrupted Dick as his red face almost doubled. "Who feels like the grandpa around?" The battle was on. The boys forgot all about the shining in of night for more pressing issues.

"Look, Dick!" Dick shouted as he held up a trout a good two inches longer than the biggest one on Allen's creel. "Now who's the champ, eh?"

The inky blackness of a cloudless night dropped down upon them unless one were near. One minute a sun still dyed light the west, and blackness.

"We passed five branch streams coming up," Dick said as they trudged through the water, sometimes quite deep, and sometimes over their knee tops.

"Did you count on the right or the left bank?" Allen asked.

"Look, Red," the older boy strangely confessed, "I don't know. Guess I counted on both shores."

The rocky hill sights already had a dimmer cap to them. The boys floundered on. Dick on one bank, Allen on the other. Rarely did the stream reach a width of more than fifty or sixty feet.

"This is the third creek on our side," Allen called out.

"I've passed two on mine," replied the dark-haired boy. "We turned up this stream a one night, so we must have come down the one you're on."

THE two boys hooked their way up the smaller stream. It seemed hours since they had left the larger one. They were tired and very hungry and cold. They were also bruised up a lot by scratches from brambles and overhanging branches and by many falls.

"Who was got one of the creek?" Allen asked.

"In this black night we'd only get cross eyed look," replied Dick.

"There goes my rod," cried the younger boy, as he slipped on a half-submerged stone. "Look, Dick, we've got to find it. I borrowed it from Dad."

"After a few minutes of groping along the creek bottom, Dick called out triumphantly. "Here it is." He handed it to his friend.

"Thanks, Dick," Allen sighed with relief. "I couldn't have faced Dad if I had lost his rod. It's his favorite."

From rumbling of thunder rolled over the night followed by, now and then, a drop of rain. Suddenly a tremendous clap of thunder and a blinding bolt of lightening split the black night wide open. The clouds unleashed, and a second and second. The lads took shelter under an overhanging bank and, although they got wet, they escaped the worst of the shower. Suddenly the rain stopped, leaving the air laden with that moist, leafy, earthy smell that follows a heavy shower at night. The weather weren't thinking of the outdoors, however. All they knew was that the trees and bushes were now like wet rags dripping into their faces as they passed.

"Dick!" hoarsely whispered the redhead, pausing straight ahead. "What's that?"

"Looks like an animal," whispered Dick. They could

out under one a large shape in the weak gray moonlight that seeped through the clouds. It moved slowly toward the two youths. They looked and scrambled up the bank of the creek.

"It's a bear," Allen shouted, for some wrestling with Ivan Dad and there are lots of bears in the mountains."

"Shhhhh! Make quiet," Dick commanded. There was a note of a shiver. That much they could see. They were carefully feeling their way along when a terrific screaming cry split the night. The boys stopped to suddenly that their heads came together with a bang. They fell in a struggling heap. As they scrambled to their feet a great commotion crashed upon their ears. The young hunters rose a bear in all sounds and along all.

THEY were now armed with and their nerves were in no way to cheer of an opposite Prize Bruins. They took the life crying bear dared run down such creatures to such other.

"Listen," whispered Dick, straining his head on the younger boy's bosom.

"What is it?" replied Red. They held their breath a minute more. A heavy breathing was clearly audible. Next to an enormous animal to breathe so heavily. The boys looked again. Eyes stopped dead as their necks. A gigantic snorting

night, an enormous bear shaking around on the wet ground.

"EEEEEEEEEEE" screamed Red on the cold, moist muzzle of an animal crushed his neck. He dropped and and and and clutched up the nearest tree. Dick got there a split-second later. They stood in the first crash. Had a bear a fresh tree the boys would have stopped a day about on.

"Look, Dick," whispered Allen, "Where on earth aren't they?"

"Shhhh up! Would you?" answered Dick.

"Hello! Hello! Dick, Red, Hello! Hello!" rang through the night in hollow tones.

"Shhhh!" warned Dick. They could hear something very heavy climbing up the tree.

"Come on," shouted Red, starting up the tree for dear life. "It's after us." They scrambled up the tree to for a dear dead go. The call sounded again, very close this time. The sounds of climbing beneath them continued.

"Here we are!" shouted Dick. "Hurry, hurry! A bear got us up a tree and he's coming after us. Hurry!"

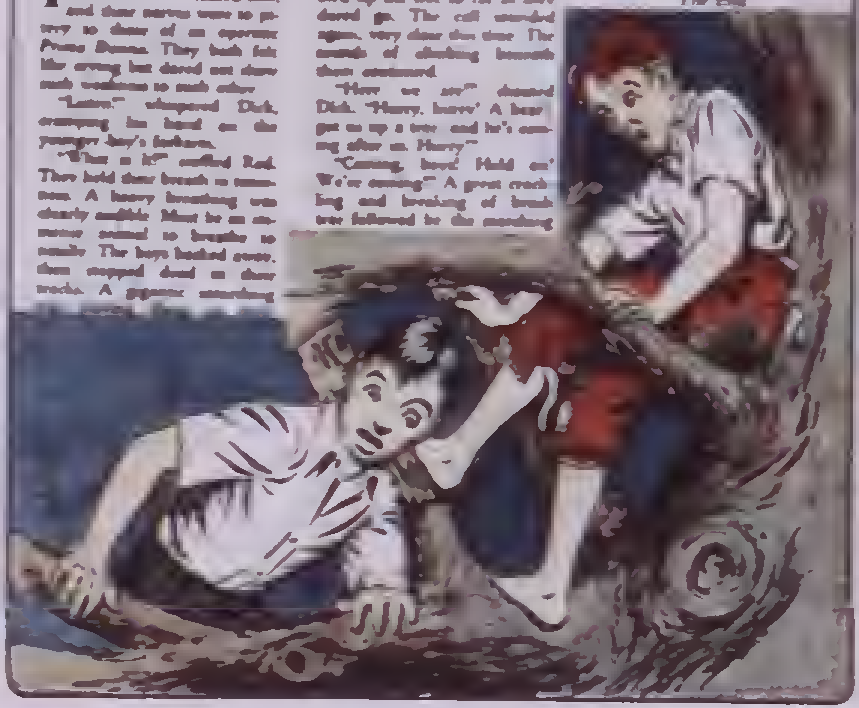
"Coming, hold on! We're coming!" A great crashing and breaking of brush was followed by the scrambling

boots of a half-dozen flashlights as the rescuers made their way to the wood here. Three dusky hunters brought the terrific dropped fishing paraphernalia into view. Several rifles and axes were nearby. One old heavy was busily rubbing his side against the tree. He looked up stupidly into the flashlights, and a long "Ahem" echoed into the night. A new numerous laugh gathered up as the boys in their shrouds ran down.

"Come on down!" shouted one of the men between laughs. "Come on down! We've got some bear cornered. If you hurry, you can eat with us." The night air again rocked with laughter.

Allen and Dick never did quite live down the story of how they were saved by a Himself Bear.

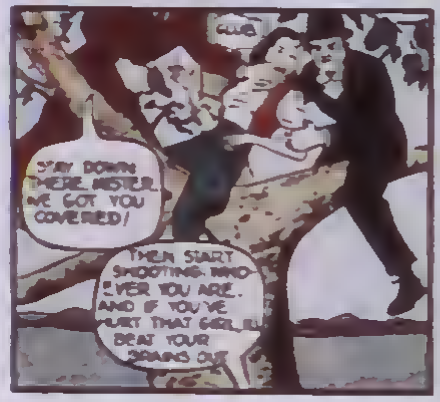
The End



SPY SMASHER
ALERT TO PROTECT UNCLE SAM AGAINST FOREIGN AGENTS IS A MYSTERY MAN KNOWN ONLY AS— SPY SMASHER.
TRY TO BRING HER BACK EARLY ALAN, WITH THE PARK AT LARGE, I'M WORRIED EVERY MINUTE SHE'S OUT OF MY SIGHT.
WELL, JUST TAKE A SHORT CANTER AND BE BACK BY SUNDOWN, ADMIRAL.
ANYHOW YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT ME, FATHER. ALAN IS A PRETTY HUSKY PROTECTOR.
EVE LORRY DAUGHTER OF ADMIRAL CORBY, U.S. NAVAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICER SETS OUT WITH HER FIANCE ALAN ARMSTRONG FOR AN AFTERNOON OF HORSEBACK RIDING.
LET'S RACE, ALAN. BET I CAN BEAT YOU TO THE WILLOW TREE.
YOU'RE ON! HI-YO, BISCUIT!
ON THE NEAL-TAY YOUNG ARMSTRONG'S VIRGINIA ESTATE A PRIVATE HORSE RACE BEGINS.
OH!
SHUT UP LADY AND YOU WON'T GET HURT.
YOU TELL HER, SLUG!
AS IT CLEARS A LOW, UN-SEEN BRANCH DRAG EVE OFF HER HORSE.
WHOA - WHAT'S HAPPENED TO EVE? DID SHE FALL? IS SHE HURT?
ALAN SEES THE EMPTY SADDLE AND TURNS BACK.

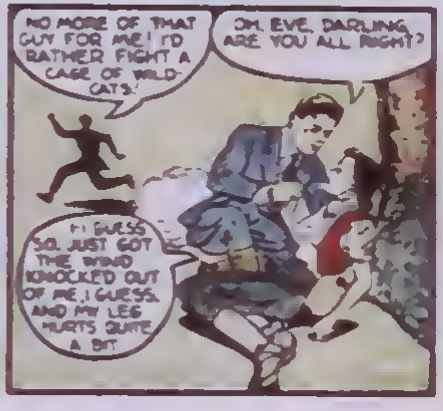
EVE! EVE! WHERE ARE YOU? THAT'S FUNNY—SHE SEEMS TO HAVE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR.
THE GIRL'S DISAPPEARANCE MYSTIFIES ALAN.

HEY, LOOK OUT WHAT KIND OF A JOKE IS THIS, EVE?
HE ARRIVES AT THE TREE UNDER WHICH EVE DISAPPEARED.

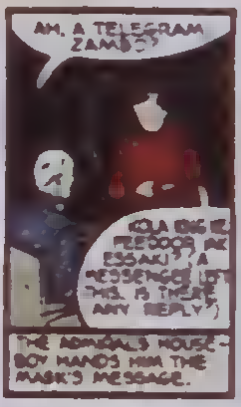

GUN
STAY DOWN THERE, MISTER. WE GOT YOU COVERED!
THEN START SHOOTING, WHOEVER YOU ARE. AND IF YOU'VE HURT THAT GIRL, I'LL BEAT YOUR BRAINS OUT.

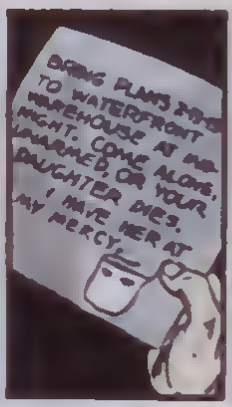
GET THE GUY, SLUG. WE'LL TEND TO THE DAME LATER.
DROP THAT GUN YOU RAT.
AS EVE FALLS FROM THE TREE ALAN—
HELP! I'M FALLING!

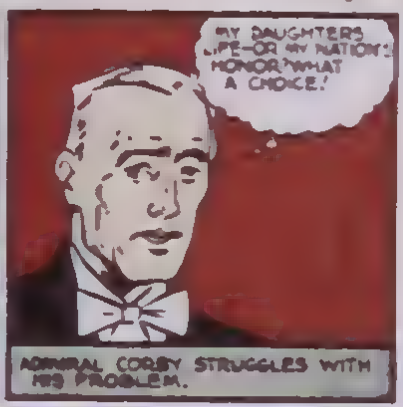
ALAN'S COMMAND OF THE SITUATION
THIS WILL TEACH YOU NOT TO PICK ON GIRLS, TOUGH GUY!
OW! MY JAW!


NO MORE OF THAT GUY FOR ME! I'D RATHER FIGHT A CAGE OF WILD CATS.
OH, EVE, DARLING, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I GUESS SO. JUST GOT THE WIND KNOCKED OUT OF ME, I GUESS, AND MY LEG HURTS QUITE A BIT.

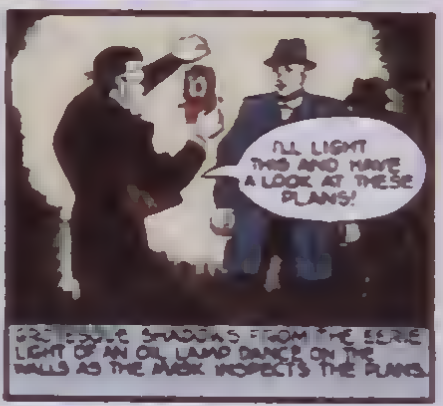
I THINK IT'S ONLY A SCRATCH BUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE X-RAY PICTURES TO MAKE SURE
BUT I MUST LET FATHER KNOW I'LL BE LATE. HE HAS WORRIES ENOUGH AS IT IS
WE CAN PHONE HIM AND THE POLICE.
AT THE SUGGESTION A DOCTOR ALAN CARRIES THE INJURED GIRL AND THE STUNNED THUG TO A NEARBY FARMHOUSE.
OH NO - YOU DON'T CALL NO POLICE ON THIS PHONE, WISE GUY.
THE PS SONER SMASHES THE TELEPHONE BOX
HE WRECKED IT ALL RIGHT - BUT I CAN TELEGRAPH YOUR FATHER MISS BY DRIVING TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
AND WHILE YOU'RE THERE DOCTOR YOU MIGHT TELL THE POLICE WERE DELIVERING IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, AN INTERNATIONAL SPY ONE OF THE STOOGES OF THE MASK!
I TELL YA CHIEF WE HAD THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER, BUT THIS GUY TOOK HER AWAY FROM US.
SILENCE, FOOL! IF I CAN JUST MAKE OLD CORBY THINK WE'VE KIDNAPED HIS PRECIOUS DAUGHTER, THAT WILL BE ENOUGH.
IN HIS HEADQUARTERS THE MASK CHIEF OF WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS SPY RING, WORKS OUT A SCHEME.
SHH. THERE'S THE KID NOW HEADIN FOR THE ADMIRALS HOUSE
OK YOU KNOCK HIM DOWN I'LL DO THE REST.
WITH EVE'S TELEGRAM TELLING HER FATHER SHE'S SAFE, A MESSENGER APPROACHES ADMIRAL CORBY'S HOME.
HEY LOOK OUT!
OOOF! WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE RIDING, BOY?
THE MASKS MEN SNEAK EVE'S TELEGRAM FROM THE BOY'S CAP AND SUBSTITUTE ANOTHER MESSAGE FOR ADMIRAL CORBY.

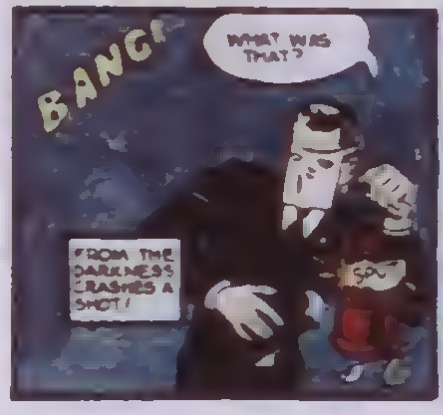

AH, A TELEGRAM ZAMBO?
KOLA ENGIE FEEDOOR MC ESSAKI? A MESSENGER! IF SO, IS THERE ANY REPLY?
THE ADMIRAL'S HOUSE-BOY HANDS HIM THE MASK'S MESSAGE.


BRING PLANS 9090 TO WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE AT MIDNIGHT. COME ALONE, UNARMED, OR YOUR DAUGHTER DIES. I HAVE HER AT MY MERCY.


MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE—OR MY NATION'S HONOR? WHAT A CHOICE!
ADMIRAL CORBY STRUGGLES WITH HIS PROBLEM.

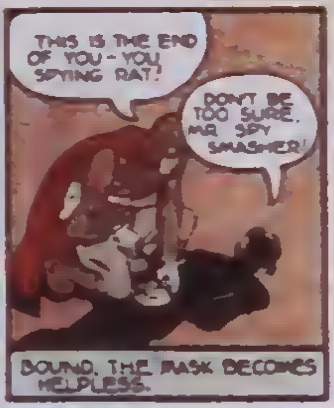
HERE'S WHAT YOU WANTED—WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER?
MIDNIGHT! AND THE ADMIRAL KEEPS HIS APPOINTMENT WITH THE VILLAINOUS SPY.


I'LL LIGHT THIS AND HAVE A LOOK AT THESE PLANS!
GRISLY SHADOWS FROM THE EERIE LIGHT OF AN OIL LAMP DANCE ON THE WALLS AS THE MASK INSPECTS THE PLANS.

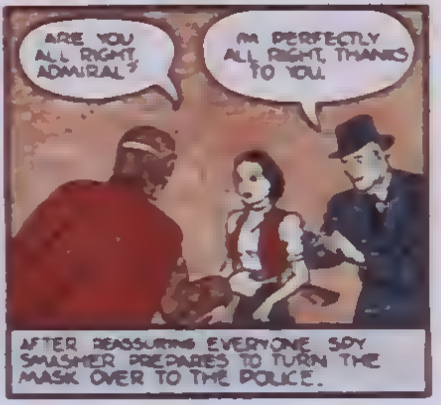

BANG!
WHAT WAS THAT?
FROM THE DARKNESS CRASHES A SHOT!
SPY

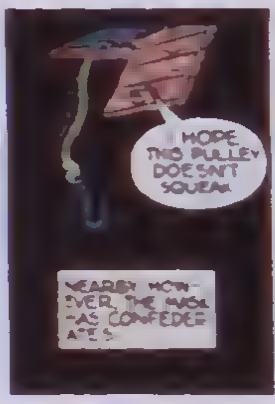
THAT'S A WARNING MASK—DON'T TOUCH THOSE PAPERS!
WHO ARE YOU?

IT'S SPY SMASHER!
- AND EVE!
STEPPING FORTH FROM THE SHADOWS ARE SPY SMASHER AND EVE!

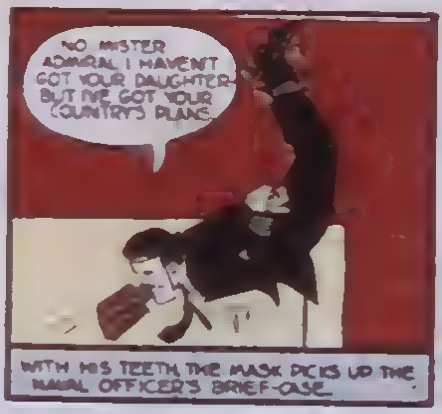

THIS IS THE END OF YOU - YOU SPYING RAT!
DON'T BE TOO SURE, MR. SPY SMASHER!
BOUND, THE MASK BECOMES HELPLESS.

OH, FATHER -
THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE SAFE!
MEANWHILE, THE ADMIRAL AND HIS DAUGHTER FIND JOY IN A FOND REUNION.

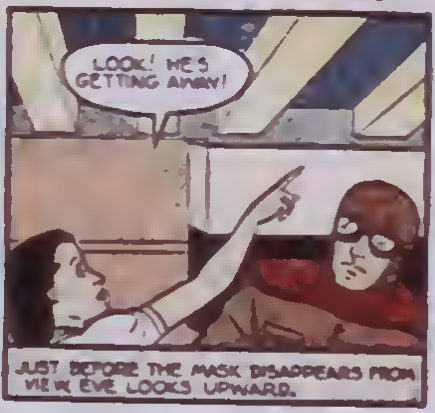

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ADMIRAL?
I'M PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT, THANKS TO YOU.
AFTER REASSURING EVERYONE, SPY SMASHER PREPARES TO TURN THE MASK OVER TO THE POLICE.


I HOPE THIS PULLEY DOESN'T SQUEAK
NEARBY HOWEVER, THE MASK HAS CONFEDERATES

THEN THE MASK DIDN'T KIDNAP YOU AFTER ALL, EVE?
NO, I'M ALL RIGHT EXCEPT FOR A LITTLE BRUISE ON MY ANKLE
SILENTLY THE UNSEEN "FISHERMAN" HOOKS HIS CATCH.



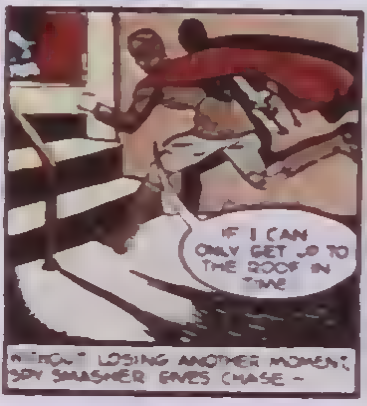
WITH HIS TEETH, THE MASK PICKS UP THE NAVAL OFFICER'S BRIEF-CASE.



JUST BEFORE THE MASK DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW, EVE LOOKS UPWARD.

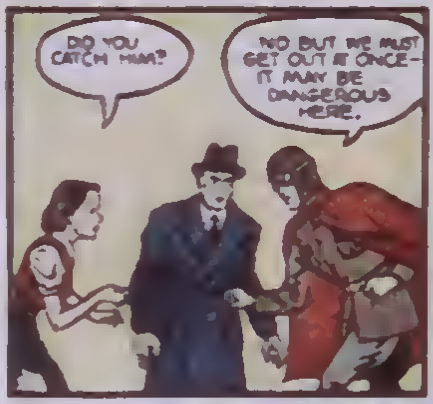
ACTING QUICKLY, SPY SMASHER GIVES WARNING.

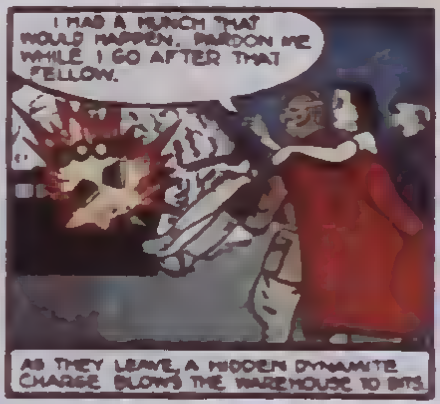
THE MASK DISAPPEARS JUST AS THE BULLET HARMLESSLY STRIKES THE TRAP DOOR.



"MEANWHILE" LOSING ANOTHER MOMENT, SPY SMASHER GIVES CHASE -

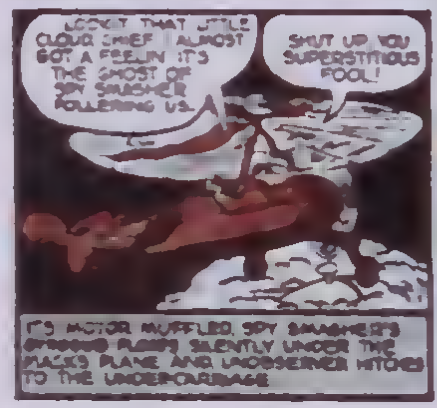
- BUT ARRIVES A SECOND LATE AS THE MASK ESCAPES IN A WAITING AUTOGYRO.

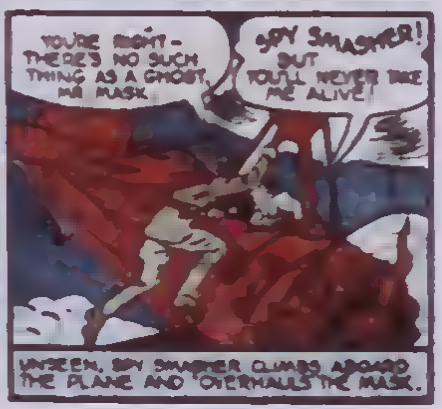

DID YOU CATCH HIM?
NO BUT WE MUST GET OUT AT ONCE- IT MAY BE DANGEROUS HERE.

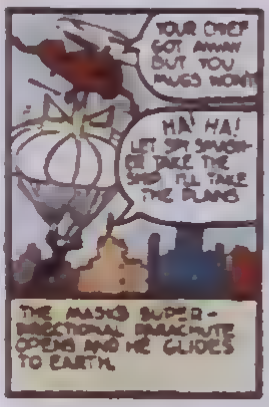

I HAD A HUNCH THAT WOULD HAPPEN. PARDON ME WHILE I GO AFTER THAT FELLOW.
AS THEY LEAVE, A HIDDEN DYNAMITE CHARGE BLOWS THE WAREHOUSE TO BITS!

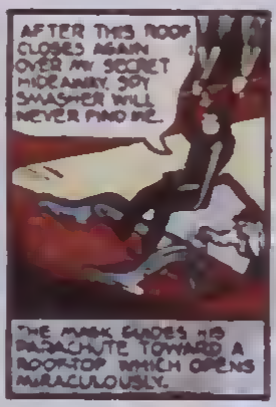
IF HE HASN'T TOO MUCH START AND IF I CAN SEE HIM THE GYROSUB CAN CATCH HIM.
FROM A NEARBY ROOF, SPY SMASHER LAUNCHES HIS SPEEDY GYROSUB.

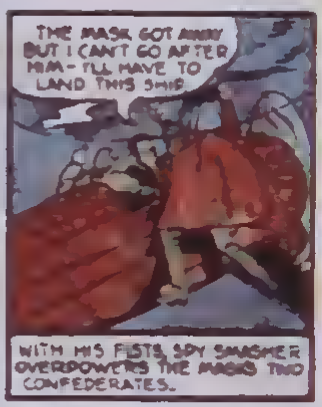
AH, THERE'S THE AUTOGYRO ABOUT A MILE AHEAD. MY SYNTHETIC VAPORIZER GUN SHOULD TURN THIS GYROSUB INTO A CUTE LITTLE CLOUD!
WITH HIS SECRET CLOUD-MAKING INVENTION, SPY SMASHER DISGUISES HIS GYROSUB.

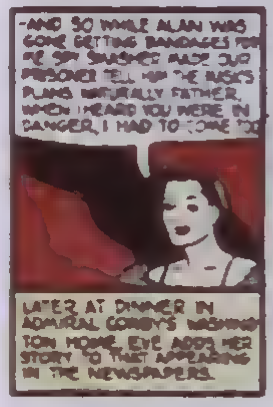

LOOKIT THAT LITTLE CLOUD, CHIEF! I ALMOST GOT A FEELIN' IT'S THE GHOST OF SPY SMASHER FOLLERIN' US.
SHUT UP, YOU SUPERSTITIOUS FOOL!
ITS MOTOR MUFFLED, SPY SMASHER'S GYROSUB FLIES SILENTLY UNDER THE RACKETEERS PLANE AND UNOBSERVED HITCHES TO THE UNDERCARRIAGE.


YOU'RE RIGHT- THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A GHOST, MR. MASK.
SPY SMASHER! BUT YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!
UNSEEN, SPY SMASHER CLIMBS ABOARD THE PLANE AND OVERHAULS THE MASK.

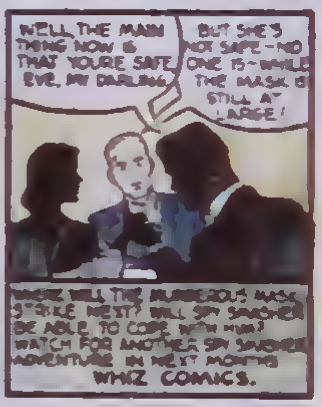

YOUR CHIEF GOT AWAY BUT YOU MUGS WON'T
HA! HA! LET SPY SMASHER TAKE THE SHIP! I'LL TAKE THE PLANS
THE MASKED SUPER-DIRECTIONAL PARACHUTE OPENS AND HE GLIDES TO EARTH.


AFTER THIS ROOF CLOSES AGAIN OVER MY SECRET HIDEAWAY, SPY SMASHER WILL NEVER FIND ME.
THE MASK GUIDES HIS PARACHUTE TOWARD A ROOFTOP WHICH OPENS MIRACULOUSLY.


THE MASK GOT AWAY BUT I CAN'T GO AFTER HIM - I'LL HAVE TO LAND THIS SHIP
WITH HIS FISTS, SPY SMASHER OVERPOWERS THE MASKED TWO CONFEDERATES.


-AND SO WHILE ALAN WAS GONE GETTING BANDAGES FOR ME SPY SMASHER MADE OUR PRISONER TELL HIM THE MASK'S PLANS. NATURALLY FATHER, WHEN I HEARD YOU WERE IN DANGER, I HAD TO COME TO!
LATER AT DINNER IN ADMIRAL GORDY'S WASHINGTON HOME, EVE ADDS HER STORY TO THAT APPEARING IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

WENT TO THE MASK DETERMINED TO OVERPOWER HIM AND MAKE HIM LEAD ME TO YOU, EVE. OF COURSE THE PLANS I GAVE HIM WERE FAKES.
I ALWAYS SEEM TO MISS ALL THE FUN.


WELL, THE MAIN THING NOW IS THAT YOU'RE SAFE, EVE, MY DARLING.
BUT SHE'S NOT SAFE - NO ONE IS - WHILE THE MASK IS STILL AT LARGE!
WHERE WILL THE MURDEROUS MASK STRIKE NEXT? WILL SPY SMASHER BE ABLE TO COPE WITH HIM? WATCH FOR ANOTHER SPY SMASHER ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S WHIZ COMICS.

IT'S A HONEY!

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DAN DARE

DAN DARE, FEARLESS FREE-LANCE DETECTIVE, AND HIS CHARMING ASSISTANT, CAROL CLEVE, FACE NEW THRILLS AND HAZARDS AS THEY RETURN TO AN [illegible] TELEGRAM

TELEGRAM

DAN DARE
C/O COL. PARSONS. DEPT.
WORLD'S FAIR.

ENDEAVOR TO KEEP ESCORT MR. HARCOURT ON PLANE FROM NEW YORK TO FT. WORTH HE CARRIES PAPERS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO THIS COUNTRY.

L. HERRICK
HERRICK ARMS CO.
FT. WORTH, TEXAS

YOU WERE A BRUTE TO FALL ASLEEP SIR ! I THOUGHT I'D PLACE YOUR BRIEFCASE IN THE LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT

THE YOUNG LADY IS RIGHT, SIR.

IT'S QUITE SAFE WITH ME, THANK YOU

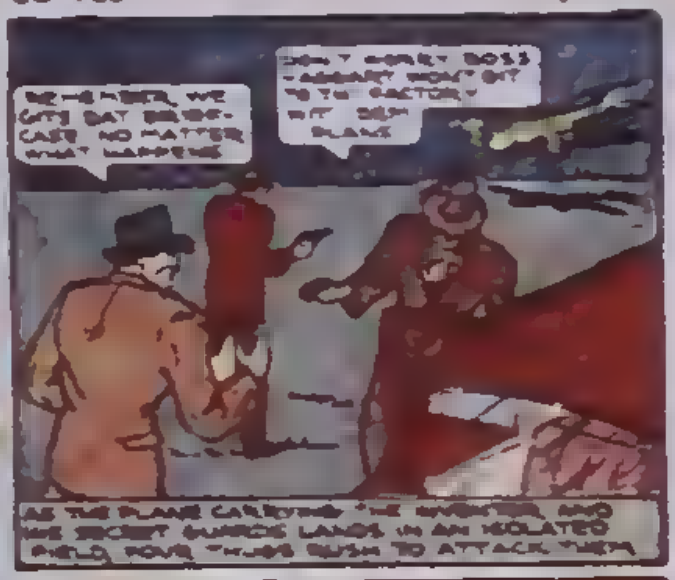
NOT KNOWING DAN AND CAROL ARE HANDLING HIS BRIEFCASE WITH CARE AND AFRAID TO ALLOW HIS BRIEFCASE CONTAIN MOST VALUABLE MUNITIONS BLAMES OUT OF MIS 5 DAN'S FRANK HARCOURT ARMS INVENTOR, REBUKES CAROL'S POLITE OFFER

TAKE IT EASY— YOU'LL BE TAKEN CARE OF ! DON'T BRING ME TROUBLE !

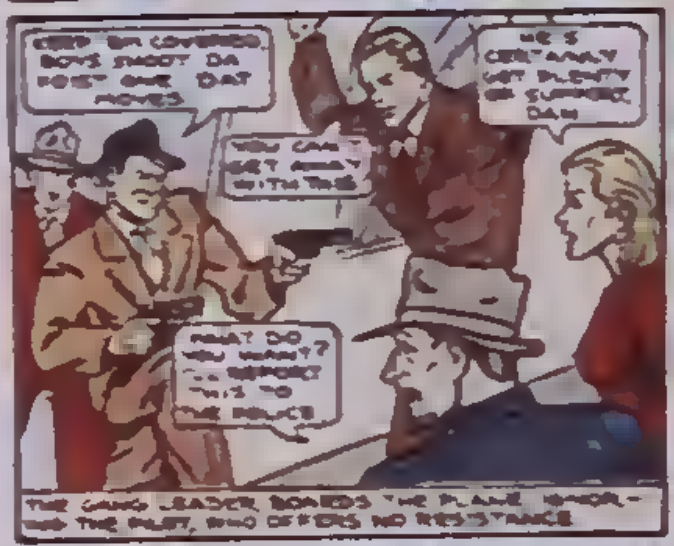
YOU MUST DO EVERY-THING YOU CAN TO GET HIM TO FORT WORTH AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

WHAT'S WRONG, PILOT ?

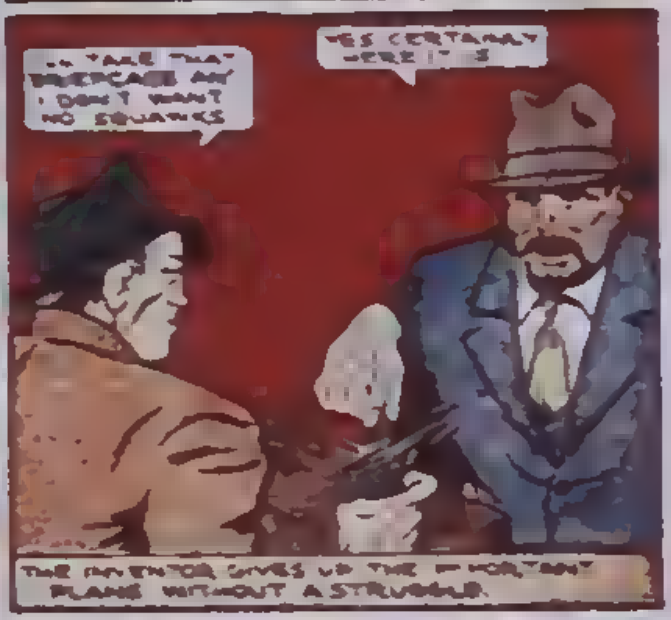
THE PASSENGERS BECOME ALARMED WHEN THE ENGINE SPUTTERS.



AS THE PLANE CARRYING THE INVENTOR AND THE SECRET SUPPLIES LANDS IN AN ISOLATED FIELD, FOUR THUGS RUSH TO ATTACK THEM

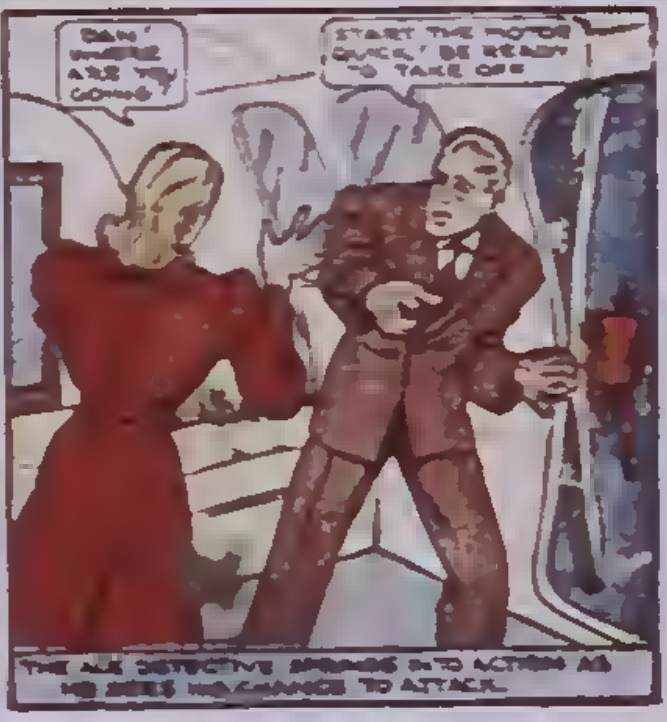


THE GANG LEADER BOARDS THE PLANE KNOCKING THE PILOT, WHO OFFERS NO RESISTANCE



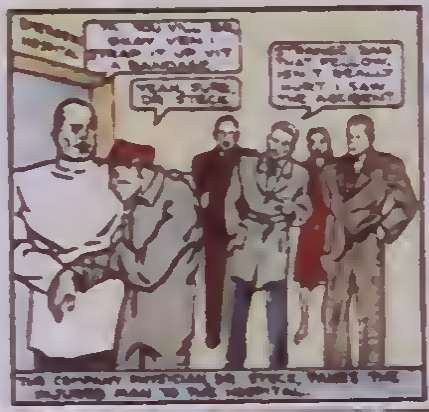
THE INVENTOR GIVES UP THE IMPORTANT PLANS WITHOUT A STRUGGLE

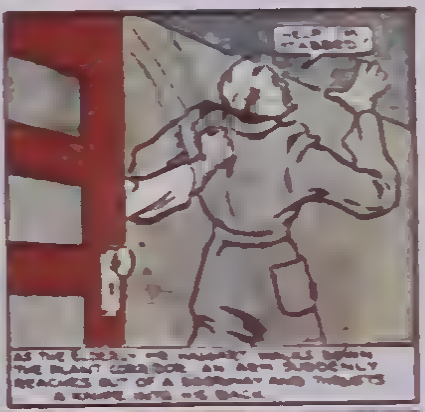
THE STEALING OF THE BRIEFCASE SHOWS DAN THAT THE PILOT IS IN ON A PLOT TO GET THE PLANS

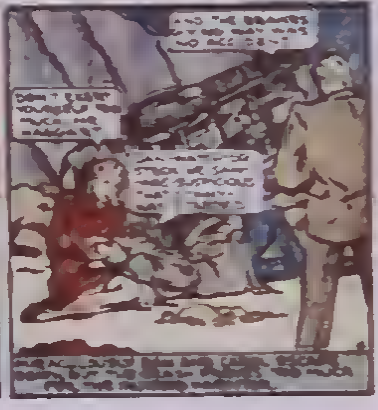


THE ACE DETECTIVE SPRINGS INTO ACTION AS HE SEES HIS CHANCE TO ATTACK

DAN MARKS A SPOT RIGHT FOR THE DISCOVERY OF THE PLANES AND DON'T FORGET INTO THE MIDST OF TROUBLE.
DAN'S SURPRISE ATTACK ON THE GANGSTERS NETS HIM THE SECRET PLANS AND A SAFE GETAWAY AS CAROL GETS THE PLANE READY TO LEAVE
TAKING OVER THE PLANE DAN AND CAROL FLY THE INVENTOR TO THE POWERS AIRPLANE CO. PLANT, AND RUSHED TO THE SECRET SERVICE OFFICE
DAN TRIES TO FIND A STARTING POINT FOR HIS INVESTIGATION OF THE PLANE HOLDUP
AS THE PRESIDENT IS SHOWING THE DEFECTIVE TURBOJET ENGINE TO NEWSPAPERMEN, DAN AND CAROL LAND
DAN DOESN'T BELIEVE THE INJURED MAN IS TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ACCIDENT.

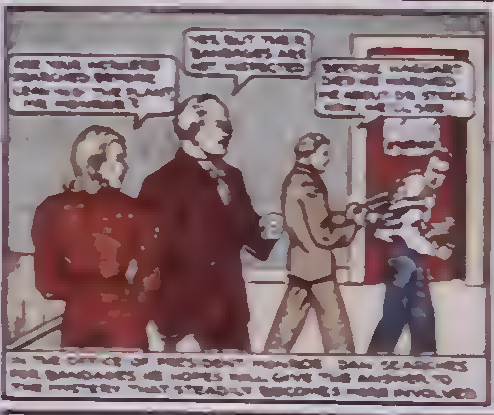

THE CHIEF SURGEON, DR. STACK, TAKES THE INJURED MAN TO THE HOSPITAL.

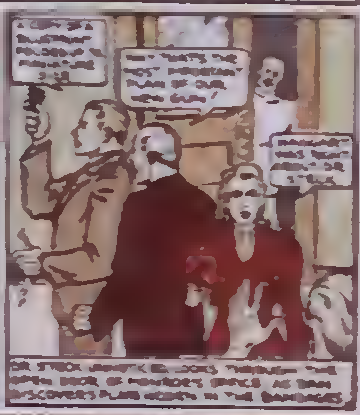




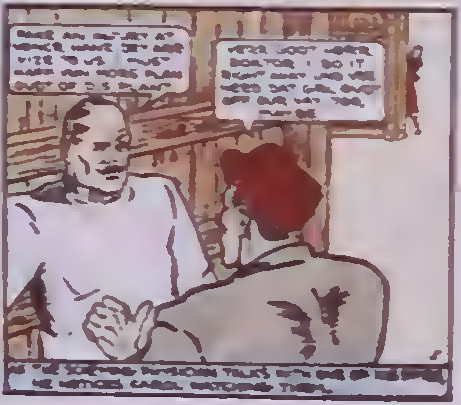
HERE COMES MR. AND MRS. HAGARTY'S DAUGHTER CAROL!
THE DAY AFTER MR. HAGARTY'S TRAGIC DEATH THEY RETURN TO THE MIRROR PLANT

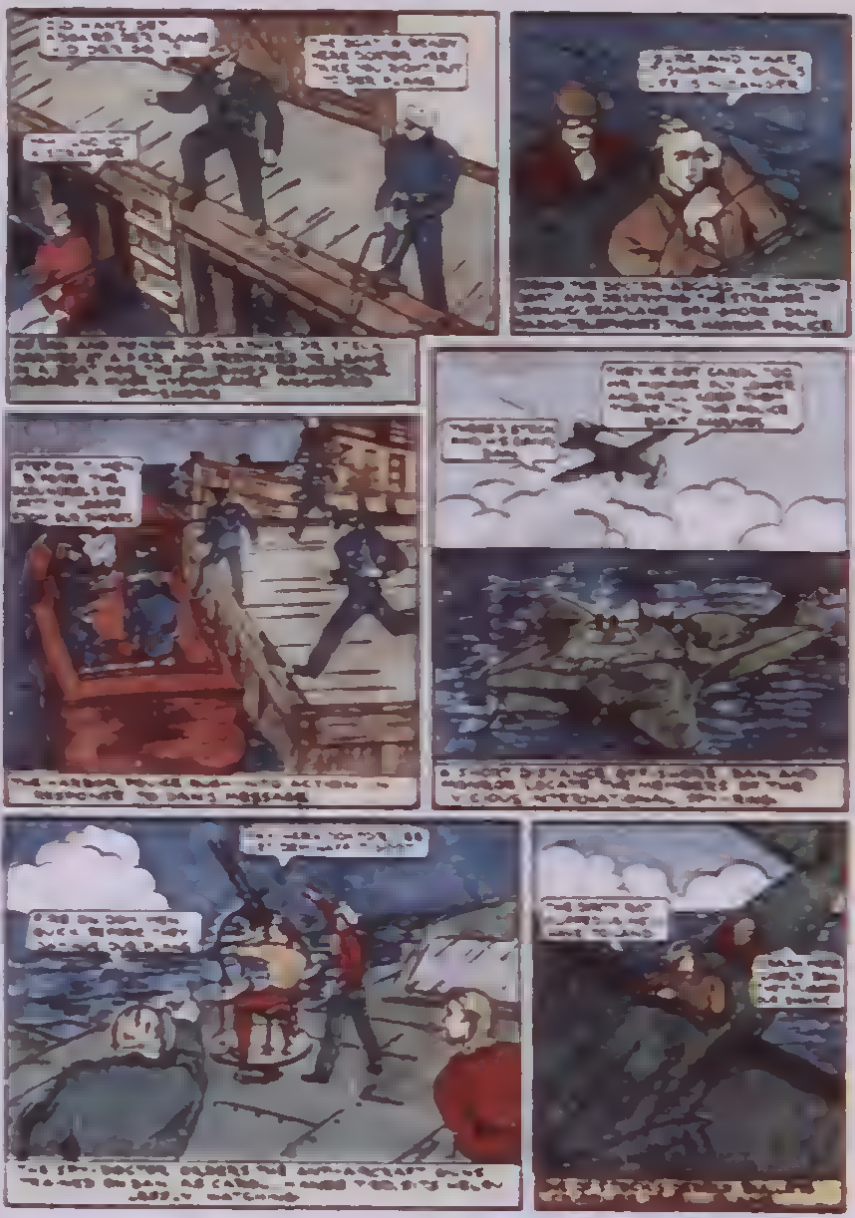
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE MANAGER'S OFFICE FIRST
SOMEONE IS BREAKING A SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX EVERY FIVE MINUTES AND WITH THE DOOR ON HIS OWN BUSINESS HE HAS A CHANCE TO RESIST!

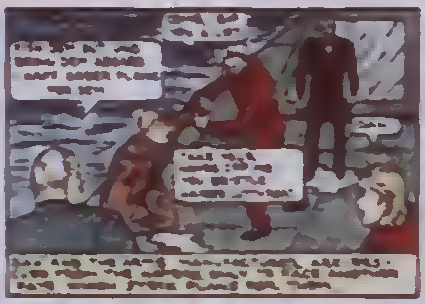

ARE YOUR MIRRORS GUARANTEED BREAKING UPON USE IN THE PLANT OR ANYWHERE?
YES, BUT THE GUARANTEES ARE NOT EFFECTIVE
BEFORE HAGARTY SOLD HIS MIRRORS HE MADE SURE THEY WERE OF STEEL
IN THE OFFICE OF MRS. DON'T MENTION DAN SEARCHES FOR BANDAGES HE HOPES WILL GIVE THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY THAT STEADILY BECOMES MORE INVOLVED

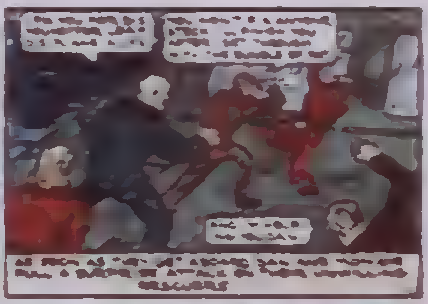

I DON'T SEE A BANDAGE IN EVIDENCE ANYWHERE
THAT'S THE MOST INTERESTING PART OF OUR WORK, DAN!
BANDAGES WILL TELL YOU A LOT ABOUT A PERSON
DR. STEIN, HOWEVER, DOES THINK THAT SOME PIECE OF MIRRORS BROKE AS DAN DISCOVERS PLANE HIDDEN IN THE BANDAGES

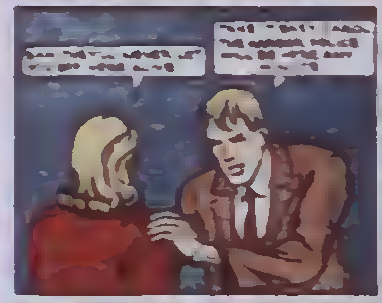
PRES
AGITATED BY WHAT HE HAS LEARNED, DR. STEIN THREADS AWAY TO THE PLANT— BUT CAROL SEES HIM.

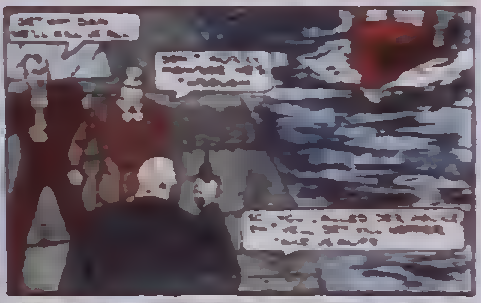

WHEN DOES HARRY BOOK FOR, I DO IT BECAUSE HARRY AND I ARE GOOD FRIENDS AND BECAUSE I LIKE THE WORK, THAT'S ALL!
AS THE SURGEON PHYSICIAN TALKS WITH ONE OF THE STAFF, HE WATCHES CAROL WATCHING THEM.

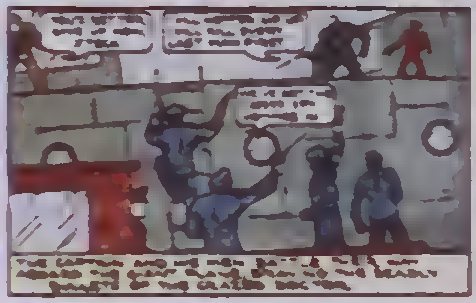


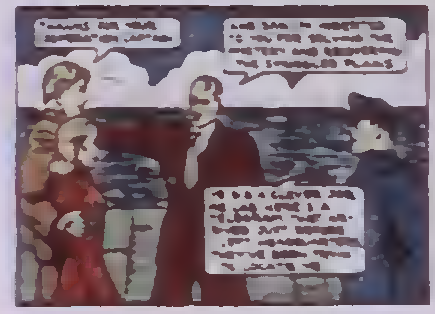












TELEGRAM

WHIZ
COMICS.

Voodoo

DEEP IN THE TRACKLESS JUNGLES OF BRAZIL, WHERE THE FIERCE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE MAKES MOST MEN AS SAVAGE AS BEASTS, LIFE IS A CONSTANT BATTLE AGAINST DISASTER, DISGUISED IN HUNDREDS OF DEADLY FORMS. THERE, BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE HIS USE OF MODERN MEDICAL METHODS A FORM OF BLACK MAGIC, THE BLANCAS A HEAD-HUNTING TRIBE OF WHITE INDIANS, COME TO KNOW HAL CAREY, YOUNG AMERICAN, AS DOCTOR VOODOO.

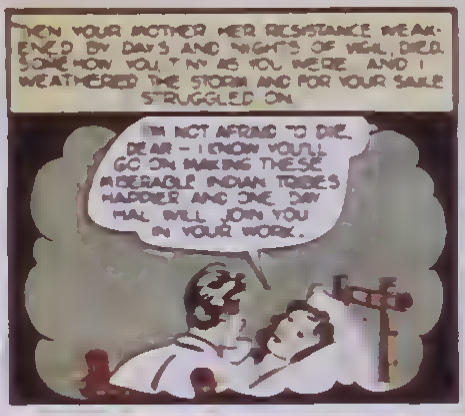
I'VE LIVED A FULL LIFE, SON, SO I DON'T MIND DYING.

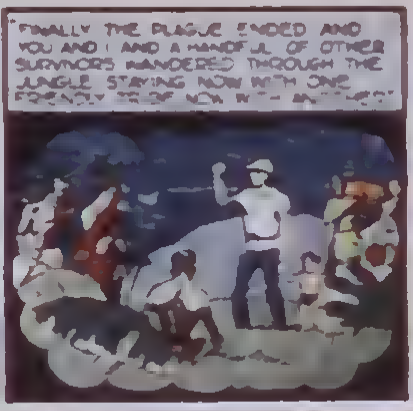
BITTEN BY A VAMPIRE BAT DR. CAREY, AN AMERICAN PHYSICIAN, BRAVELY FACES DEATH IN A VILLAGE OF THE BLANCAS, HEAD-HUNTING WHITE INDIANS, AS HE REVIEWS HIS EARLY LIFE HIS SON, HAL, LISTENS.

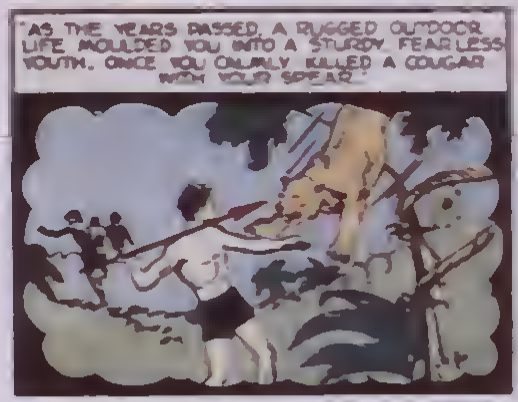
"IT SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY THAT YOUR MOTHER AND I GAVE UP OUR EASY LIFE IN NEW YORK AND CAME OUT TO BRAZIL. LUCKILY THE FIRST INDIANS WE MET, THE CASHIBUS, WERE FRIENDLY. EVERY DAY NATIVES CAME TO OUR HUT FOR TREATMENT."

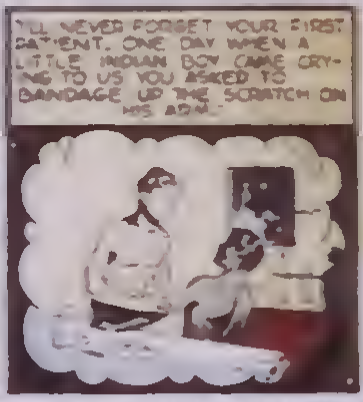
"I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY YOU WERE BORN - THE INDIANS CAME FROM MILES AROUND BRINGING PRESENTS AND HOLDING A HUGE DANCE IN HONOR OF THE OCCASION."

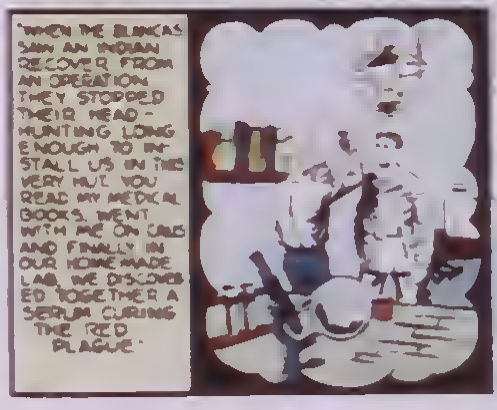
"TWO YEARS LATER AN UNKNOWN DISEASE, THE RED PLAGUE, KILLED OFF THE NATIVES BY THE DOZENS. WE TRIED EVERYTHING — BUT OUR MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE WAS USELESS."

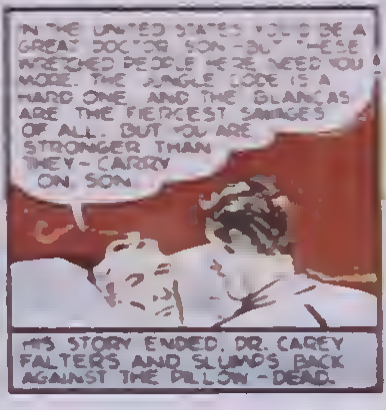

THEN YOUR MOTHER, HER RESISTANCE WEAKENED BY DAYS AND NIGHTS OF VIGIL, DIED. SOMEHOW YOU, TOO, AS YOU WERE, AND I WEATHERED THE STORM AND FOR YOUR SAKE STRUGGLED ON.
I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE, DEAR - I KNOW YOU'LL GO ON MAKING THESE MISERABLE INDIAN HOVELS HAPPIER AND ONE DAY HAL WELL JOIN YOU IN YOUR WORK.

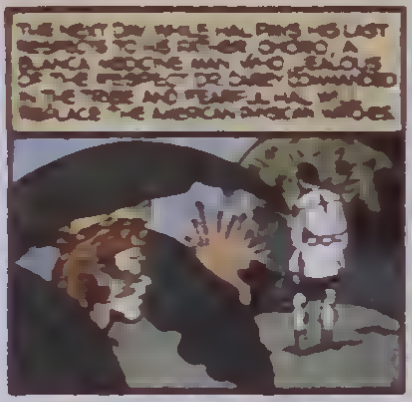

FINALLY THE PLAGUE ENDED AND YOU AND I AND A HANDFUL OF OTHER SURVIVORS WANDERED THROUGH THE JUNGLE, STAYING NOW WITH ONE FRIENDLY TRIBE NOW WITH ANOTHER

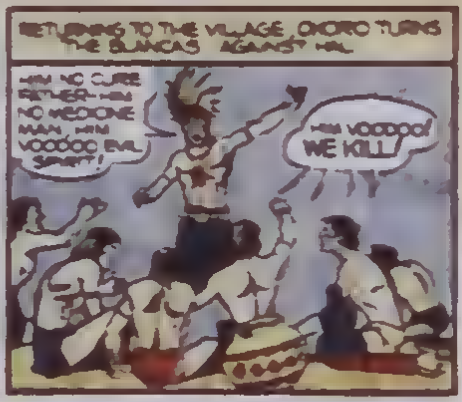

AS THE YEARS PASSED, A RUGGED OUTDOOR LIFE MOULDED YOU INTO A STURDY, FEARLESS YOUTH. ONCE YOU ONLY KILLED A COUGAR WITH YOUR SPEAR.

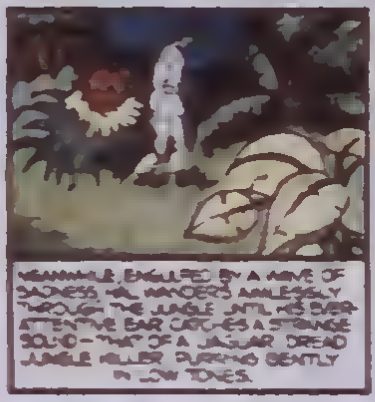

I'LL NEVER FORGET YOUR FIRST PATIENT. ONE DAY WHEN A LITTLE INDIAN BOY CAME CRYING TO US YOU ASKED TO BANDAGE UP THE SCRATCH ON HIS ARM.


WHEN THE BLANCAS SAW AN INDIAN RECOVER FROM AN OPERATION THEY STOPPED THEIR HEAD-HUNTING LONG ENOUGH TO INSTALL US IN THIS VERY HUT. YOU READ MY MEDICAL BOOKS, WENT WITH ME ON CALLS AND FINALLY IN OUR HOME-MADE LAB, WE DISCOVERED TOGETHER A SERUM CURING THE RED PLAGUE.

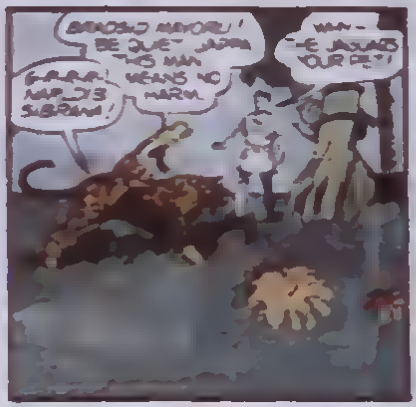

IN THE UNITED STATES YOU'D BE A GREAT DOCTOR, SON - BUT THESE WRETCHED PEOPLE HERE NEED YOU MORE. THE JUNGLE CODE IS A HARD ONE, AND THE BLANCAS ARE THE FIERCEST SAVAGES OF ALL. BUT YOU ARE STRONGER THAN THEY - CARRY ON, SON.
HIS STORY ENDED, DR. CAREY FALTERS AND SLUMPS BACK AGAINST THE PILLOW - DEAD.


THE NEXT DAY WHILE HAL PAYS HIS LAST RESPECTS TO HIS FATHER OKORO, A BLANCA MEDICINE MAN WHO, JEALOUS OF THE PRESTIGE DR DAREY COMMANDED IN THE TRIBE AND FEARFUL HAL WILL REPLACE THE AMERICAN DANSKIN HEROES

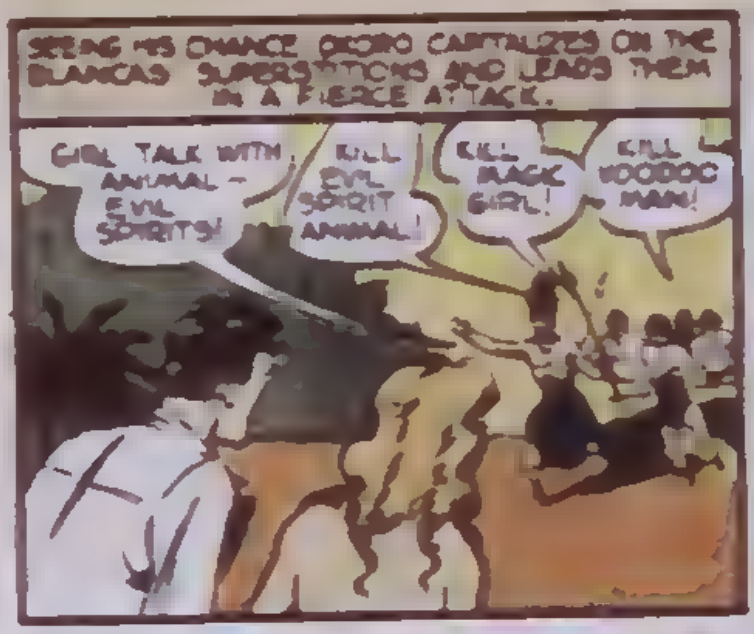

RETURNING TO THE VILLAGE, OKORO TURNS THE BLANCAS AGAINST HAL
HIM NO CURE FATHER- HIM NO MEDICINE MAN, HIM VOODOO, EVIL SPIRIT!
HIM VOODOO! WE KILL!

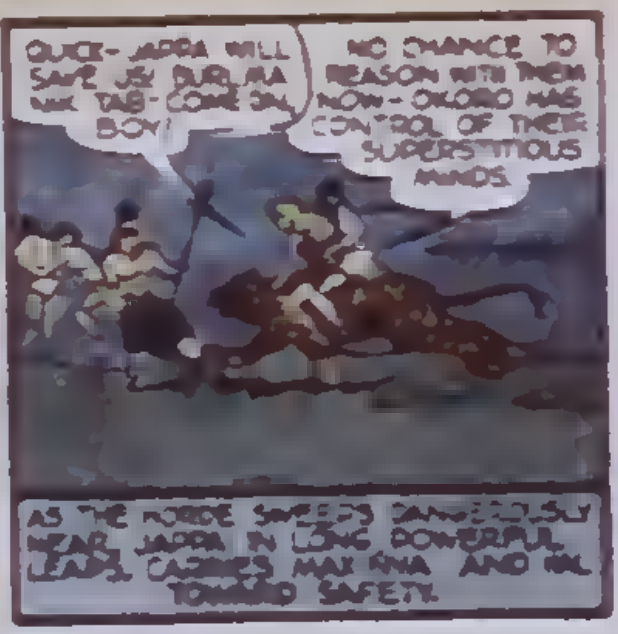

MEANWHILE, ENGULFED BY A WAVE OF DARKNESS, HAL WANDERS AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE UNTIL HIS EVER ATTENTIVE EAR CATCHES A STRANGE SOUND - THAT OF A JAGUAR DREAD JUNGLE KILLER PURRING GENTLY IN LOW TONES.

FOLLOWING THE SOUND, HAL DISCOVERS - A BEAUTIFUL WHITE GIRL TALKING TO A VICIOUS-LOOKING JAGUAR.
MEANWHILE, YOU'RE TALKING TO THE JAGUAR! HOW DO YOU KNOW HIS LANGUAGE?
PURR-R-R GENERAL FAWADRA!
PURR-R-R PRIMEVAL ORGANISM?


BWANA MAHORI! BE QUIET- JAPPA THIS MAN
MAN - HE JAGUAR'S YOUR PET?
GARRAH! MEANS NO HARM. MAHORI'S SUBJAH!

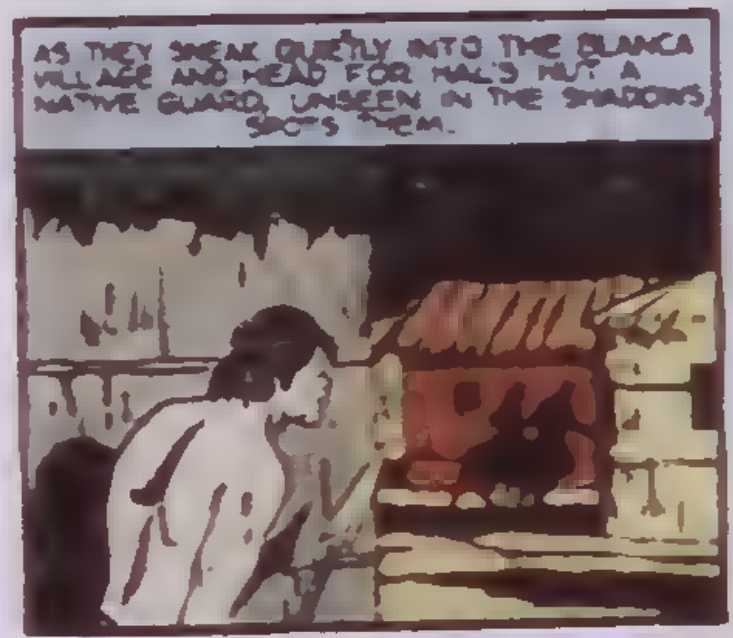
THE INDIANS CALL ME MAHAMA OR HEAVEN-WOMAN, BECAUSE I LIVE APART FROM THEM IN THE JUNGLE. THIS IS JAPPA MY JAGUAR.
I'M HAL CAREY.
AS HER STRANGE INTRODUCTION ENDS, OKORO'S MEDICINE MAN ARRIVES WITH A BAND OF BLANCAS.


SEEING HIS CHANCE, PEDRO CAPITALIZES ON THE BLANCAS SUPERSTITIONS AND LEADS THEM IN A FIERCE ATTACK.
GIRL TALK WITH ANIMAL - EVIL SPIRITS!
KILL EVIL SPIRIT ANIMAL!
KILL BLACK GIRL!
KILL VOODOO MAN!

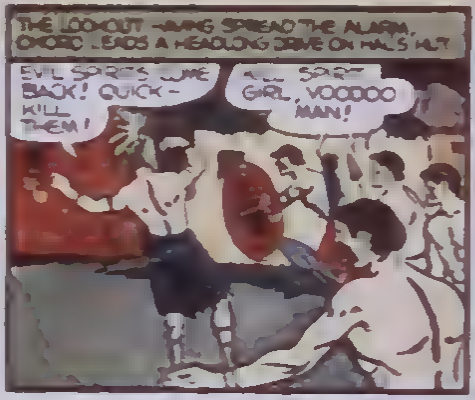

QUICK - JAPPA WILL SAVE US! DUBUMA MAK TAB - COME ON, BOY!
NO CHANCE TO REASON WITH THEM NOW - OKORO HAS CONTROL OF THEIR SUPERSTITIOUS MINDS.
AS THE HORDE SWEEPS DANGEROUSLY NEAR, JAPPA IN LONG POWERFUL LEAPS, CARRIES MAI NHA AND HAL TOWARD SAFETY.

IT IS NOTHING. THEY'LL NEVER FIND US - ZBANOOBLAB - WILL THEY JAPPA?
YOU AND JAPPA SAVED MY LIFE
JAPPA SPEEDS TOWARD HIS DEN, A HAVEN FOR HAL AND MASINYA.

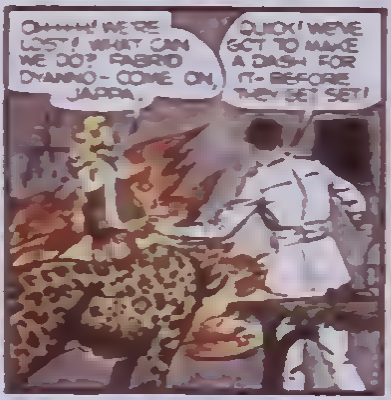
MUST RESCUE MY MEDICAL SUPPLIES BEFORE THE BLANCAS DESTROY THEM - OTHERWISE I'LL BE HELPLESS TO AID THE JUNGLE PEOPLES.
THAT'S RIGHT JAPPA. MAJOR ZARRANI - WE'LL GO TOO AND HELP

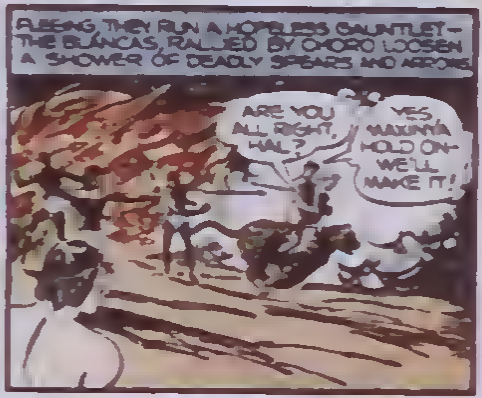

AS THEY SNEAK QUIETLY INTO THE BLANCA VILLAGE AND HEAD FOR HAL'S HUT A NATIVE GUARD, UNSEEN IN THE SHADOWS, SPOTS THEM.

WELL HAVE TO SEE WHAT WE CAN LEAVE - UNTIL THINGS SLOW OVER
BE PATIENT JAPPA — ZARDO MAGNORA
GR-R-R VOODOO MOFOR
WHILE HAL SUDDENLY GATHERS UP HIS MEDICAL SUPPLIES & THE JAPANESE SCENTS DANGER AND GROWLS WARNING

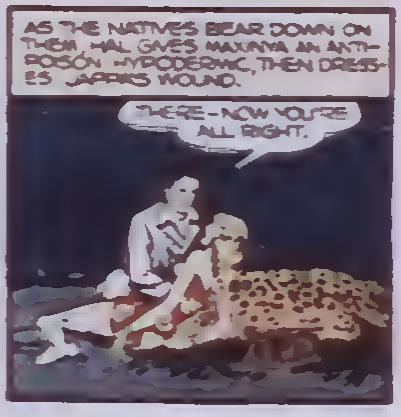

THE LOOKOUT -HAVING SPREAD THE ALARM, OKORO LEADS A HEADLONG DRIVE ON HAL'S HUT
EVIL SPIRITS LURE BACK! QUICK - KILL THEM!
KILL SPIRIT GIRL, VOODOO MAN!

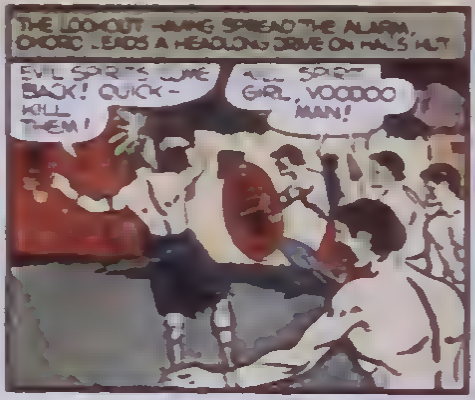
ACTING RAPIDLY, THE TREACHEROUS MEDICINE MAN SETS FIRE TO THE HUT.
BURNUM SPIRITS QUICK!


Ohhhhh! WE'RE LOST! WHAT CAN WE DO? FABRIO DYANNO - COME ON, JAPPA.
QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A DASH FOR IT - BEFORE THEY GET SET!


FLEEING, THEY RUN A HOTBLESS GAUNTLET - THE BLANCAS, RALLIED BY OKORO LOOSEN A SHOWER OF DEADLY SPEARS AND ARROWS!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, HAL?
YES, MAXINYA HOLD ON - WE'LL MAKE IT!

Ohhhh! I'M HIT, HAL - GO ON WITHOUT ME.
DON'T WORRY, MAXINYA - I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.
A SPEAR STRIKES JAPPA AND A POISON ARROW DROPS MAXINYA.


AS THE NATIVES BEAR DOWN ON THEM, HAL GIVES MAXINYA AN ANTI-POISON HYPODERMIC, THEN DRESSES JAPPA'S WOUND.
THERE - NOW YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.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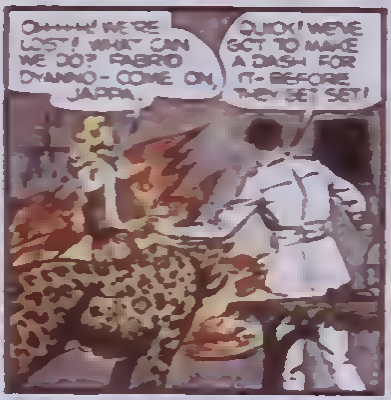
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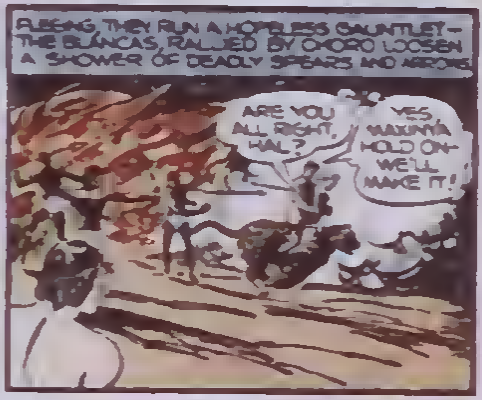
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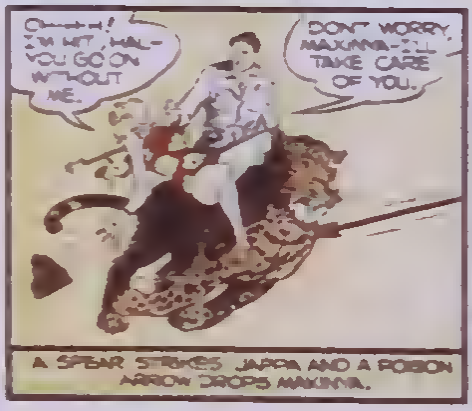
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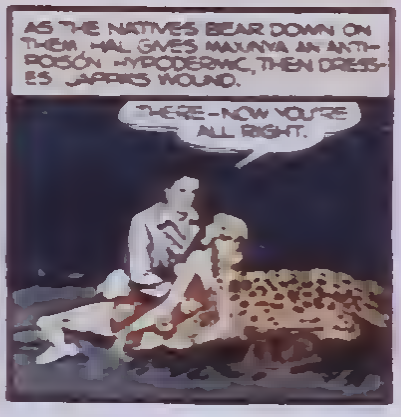
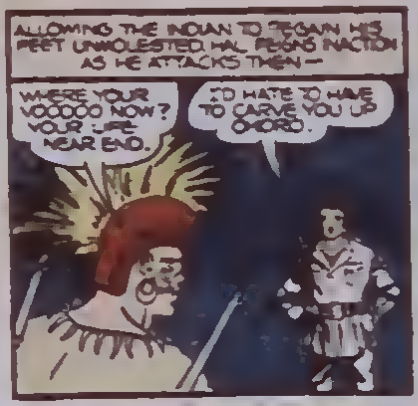
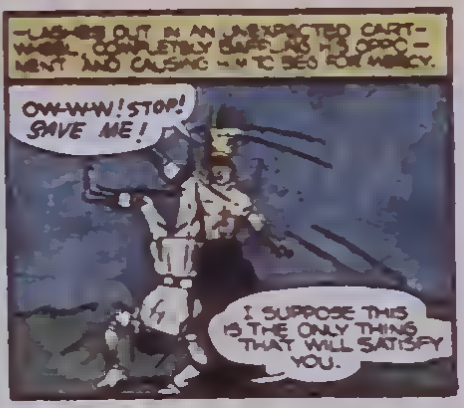
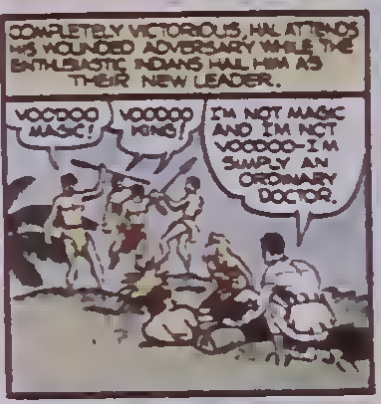

AS THE NATIVES BEAR DOWN ON THEM, HAL GIVES MAXINYA AN ANTI-POISON HYPODERMIC, THEN DRESSES JAPPA'S WOUND.
THERE - NOW YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.

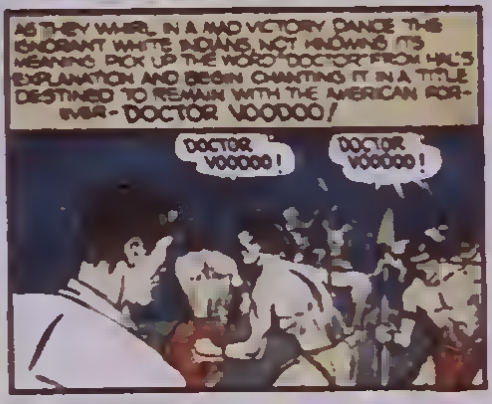
AFTER TENDING MAXINYA'S AND JAPPA'S WOUNDS, HAL FALLS.
UGH!
HERE, HAL QUICK- DRESS YOUR WOUND
WHILE ANOTHER HYPODERMIC SAVES HAL THE SUPERSTITIOUS BLANCAS, STARTLED BY THE INEFFECTIVENESS OF THEIR POISON ARROWS, REFUSE TO OBEY ORDERS.
VOODOO MAN HE MAKE DEAD LIVE! MAGIC GIRL, SPIRIT ANIMAL! THEY NO DIE!
THE MEDICINE MAN FINALLY PERSUADES HIS FOLLOWERS TO LEAD THE TRIO TO THE JUNGLE.
WE THROW EVIL SPIRITS IN LEVA PLANT OR WE DIE SLOW DEATH!
HE RIGHT— LEVA PLANT EAT BAD SPIRITS
THE NOMAS TAKE THEIR PRISONERS TO THE LEVA, A DEADLY PLANT WHICH CRUSHES MEN AND BEASTS ALIKE IN ITS MYSTERIOUS, VICE-LIKE FOLDS
LEVA PLANT EAT EVIL SPIRITS, END TROUBLE
PRODDED BY BLANCA SPEARS THE TRIO FALLS TOWARD THE DREAD PLANT.
DON'T WORRY, MAXINYA, WE'LL FOOL THEM
INSIDE, AS THE HUGE PLANT BEGINS TO FOLD IN ON ITS HAPLESS CAPTIVES, HAL REACHES INTO HIS MEDICINE KIT FOR—
OH, HAL—
I GOT YOU INTO THIS— AND I'LL GET YOU OUT.
—A POWERFUL ACID, POURING INTO THE HEART OF THE LEVA, THE FEARFUL PLANT WITHERS AWAY, AGAIN CONFOUNDING THE SUPERSTITIOUS BLANCAS!
MY FATHER TOLD ME THIS CHEMICAL WOULD COME IN HANDY.
VOODOO! VOODOO!

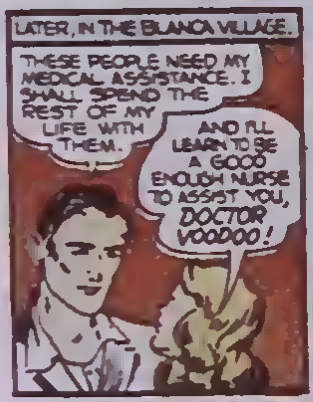
WHILE HIS TRIBESMEN FLEE IN DISORDER OKORO, SEEING HIS PLANS FAIL COMPLETELY, MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO DESTROY HAL.
Oooooo! LOOK OUT, HAL!
THANKS TO MAXINYA'S WARNING, HAL SIDESTEPS THE DESTRUCTIVE MISSILE AND JAPPA LEAPS FORWARD TO AVENGE HIM.
MOBBED BY HIS FOLLOWERS, THE MEDICINE MAN PLAYS HIS LAST CARD — A CHALLENGE TO HAL.
YOU NO MEDICINE MAN — YOU FAKE
VOODOO SPIRITS, THEY GOOD SPIRITS
VOODOO SPIRITS EVIL — I FIGHT TO THE DEATH
THE IBOANS CLEAR A RING AND HAL, ACCEPTING THE CHALLENGE, PREPARES FOR A TRADITIONAL IBANGA DEATH COMBAT — A WRESTLING MATCH IN WHICH THE CONTESTANTS STRAP KNIVES TO THEIR SHOULDERS, ELBOWS AND KNEES.
OH, HAL — DON'T.
I MUST, MAXINYA. IN THE JUNGLE IT'S FIGHT OR DIE.
AS THE BATTLE BEGINS OKORO, EXPERIENCED IN THE STYLE OF COMBAT DIVES HIGH.
YOUR MEDICINE COUNTS FOR NOTHING NOW.
GETTING NERVOUS, OKORO?
QUICKLY SENSING HIS ADVERSARY'S MOVE, HAL'S LIGHTNING-LIKE STRATEGY CONFOUNDS THE MEDICINE MAN.
OW-WOW
EVER SEE THIS, OKORO?

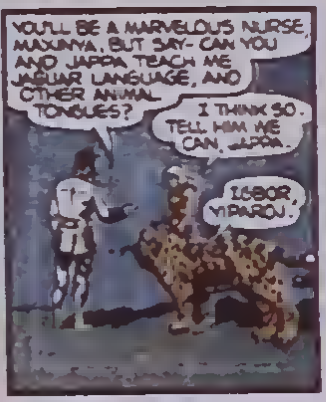

ALLOWING THE INDIAN TO REGAIN HIS FEET UNMOLESTED, HAL FEIGNS INACTION AS HE ATTACKS THEM—
WHERE'S YOUR VOODOO NOW? YOUR LIFE NEAR END.
I'D HATE TO HAVE TO CARVE YOU UP QUICKLY.

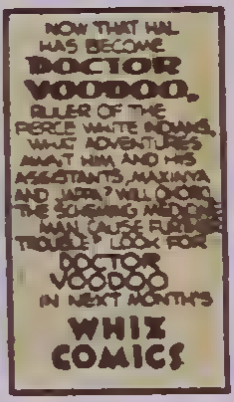

—LASHES OUT IN AN UNEXPECTED CARTWHEEL, COMPLETELY DISARMING HIS OPPONENT AND CAUSING HIM TO BEG FOR MERCY.
OW-W-W! STOP! SAVE ME!
I SUPPOSE THIS IS THE ONLY THING THAT WILL SATISFY YOU.


COMPLETELY VICTORIOUS, HAL ATTENDS HIS WOUNDED ADVERSARY WHILE THE ENTHUSIASTIC INDIANS HAIL HIM AS THEIR NEW LEADER.
VOODOO MAGIC!
VOODOO KING!
I'M NOT MAGIC AND I'M NOT VOODOO—I'M SIMPLY AN ORDINARY DOCTOR.


AS THEY WHIRL IN A MAD VICTORY DANCE THE IGNORANT WHITE INDIANS, NOT KNOWING ITS MEANING, PICK UP THE WORD "DOCTOR" FROM HAL'S EXPLANATION AND BEGIN CHANTING IT IN A TITLE DESTINED TO REMAIN WITH THE AMERICAN FOREVER—DOCTOR VOODOO!
DOCTOR VOODOO!
DOCTOR VOODOO!


LATER, IN THE BLANCA VILLAGE.
THESE PEOPLE NEED MY MEDICAL ASSISTANCE. I SHALL SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH THEM.
AND I'LL LEARN TO BE A GOOD ENOUGH NURSE TO ASSIST YOU, DOCTOR VOODOO!


YOU'LL BE A MARVELOUS NURSE, MAXINYA. BUT SAY- CAN YOU AND JAPPA TEACH ME JAGUAR LANGUAGE, AND OTHER ANIMAL TONGUES?
I THINK SO. TELL HIM WE CAN, JAPPA.
LISBOR YIPAROU!


NOW THAT HAL HAS BECOME
DOCTOR VOODOO,
RULER OF THE FIERCE WHITE INDIANS, WHAT ADVENTURES AWAIT HIM AND HIS ASSISTANTS, MAXINYA AND JAPPA? WILL OKORO, THE SCHEMING MEDICINE MAN, CAUSE FURTHER TROUBLE? LOOK FOR
DOCTOR VOODOO
IN NEXT MONTH'S
WHIZ COMICS

IBIS

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AFTER THEIR DEATH IN ANCIENT EGYPT, PRINCE IBIS AND HIS BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS TARA ARE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE TO AID IN THE WORLD'S BATTLE AGAINST SUFFERING AND UNHAPPINESS

(* IBIS - PRONOUNCED EE - BISS

HOLD ON TIGHT DEAR — WE'RE ALL RIGHT

ENROUTE TO HOLLYWOOD FOR A SHORT VACATION, IBIS AND TARA FACE CERTAIN DEATH WHEN A SPEEDING TRAIN SMASHES DOWN ON THEIR STREAMLINED ROADSTER

BUT THE PRINCE OF MAGIC POINTS THE POTENT SCEPTER, ANCIENT WEAPON OF EGYPTIAN KINGS, AND —

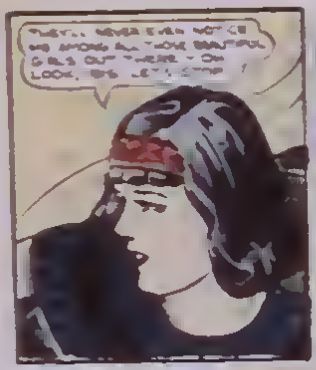
FOR A MOMENT THOUGHT WE WERE DOOMED

"THE BEST OF MAGIC NEVER FAILED US YET" BELOVED

— A BRIDGE FORMS OUT OF NOWHERE — THE CAR AND ITS PASSENGERS ARE SAVED

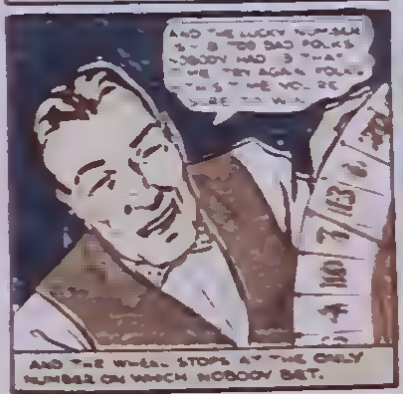
SAY OUR LITTLE VACATION HAS BEEN ANYTHING BUT DULL SO FAR

WE AREN'T IN HOLLYWOOD AND THE STUDIO STAR REMINDING YOU TO BECOME A MOVIE QUEEN

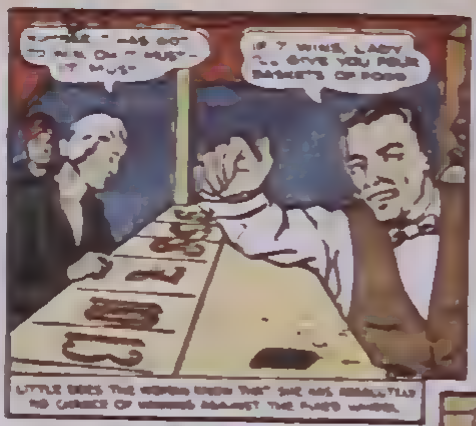


JIM AND TALA STOP TO WATCH AT ONE OF THE CONCESSIONS

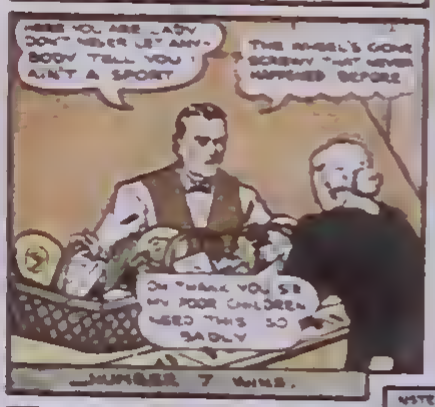
AS THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE SPINS MANY HAPPY ON THE BOARD IS COVERED WITH BETS - EXCEPT NUMBER 7

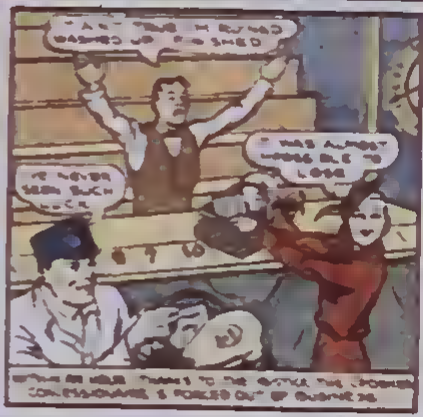


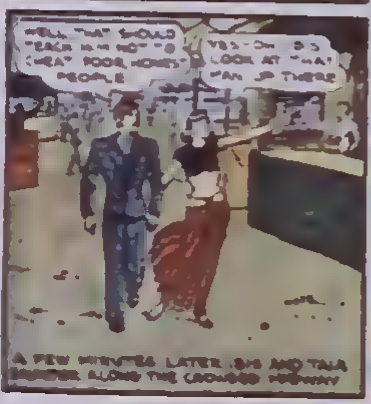
AND THE WHEEL STOPS AT THE ONLY NUMBER ON WHICH NOBODY BET.


IF I WINS, LADY I'LL GIVE YOU FOUR BASKETS OF FOOD
LITTLE DOES THE HERO KNOW THAT SHE HAS REALIZED NO CHANCE OF WINNING AGAINST THE FIXED WHEEL

Z-M-X-I-9
AS THE WHEEL SPINS AGAIN, BY MEANS OF THE MIGHTY MYSTIC SPEAKS A FEW EGYPTIAN WORDS AND...

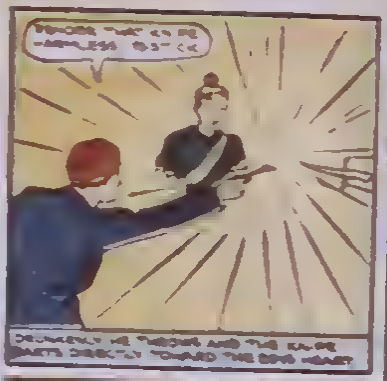

HERE YOU ARE LADY DON'T NEVER LET ANYBODY TELL YOU AIN'T A SPORT
THIS WHEEL'S GONE SCREWY THAT NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE
OH THANK YOU SIR MY POOR CHILDREN NEED THIS SO BADLY
NUMBER 7 WINS.


I AIN'T TRUE IN BUYING WASHED UP THIS WHEEL
I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH LUCK
I WAS ALMOST UNABLE TO LOSE
WITH HIS HELP, THANKS TO THE MYTHICAL POWERS CONTEMPORANE, I FORCED OUT OF BUSINESS.

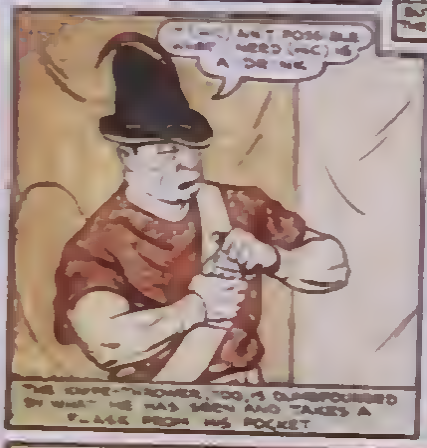

WELL, THAT SHOULD TEACH HIM NOT TO CHEAT POOR HONEST PEOPLE
YES - OH, SO LOOK AT THAT MAN UP THERE
A FEW MINUTES LATER, BIG AND TALL SAUNTERS ALONG THE CROWDED HIGHWAY

INSTEAD OF LANDING IN A NET THE HUMAN CANNONBALL IS GOING TO BURST INTO A SMALL TANK OF WATER
BOY, SOME PEOPLE WILL DO ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH
WHAT A CHANCE TO TAKE
WOULDN'T DO IT FOR A MILLION DOLLARS

THE BIKER - HE WILL LAND ON THE GROUND
BUT AS THE BIKER'S DYING FINGERS GRIP HARD A BAVARIAN TRUCK MUSTER TRULY CRASHES INTO HIS LANDING TIRES, SPINNING IT TO BITS
HARRY HARRY FOLKS - THE BIG SHOW IS JUST ABOUT TO START
WILLIAM TELL SHOW
10¢
PLEASE MR. SCALES YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING - LET'S CALL OFF THIS SHOW
WHY (HIC) YOU YELLA LITTLE RAT (HIC) STAND STILL (HIC) AN SHUT UP!
AS THE MODERN WILLIAM TELL RAISES HIS RAZOR - BLADED KNIFE HIS EYES CANNOT FOCUS ON THE BOY

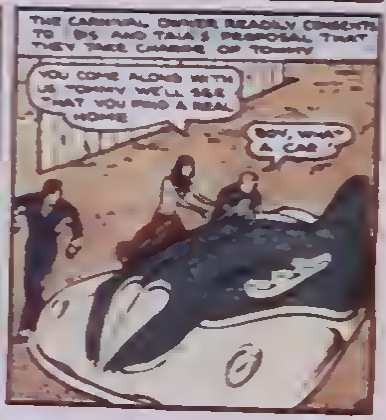

DRUNKENLY HE THROWS AND THE KNIFE SHOOTS DIRECTLY TOWARD THE BOY'S HEART

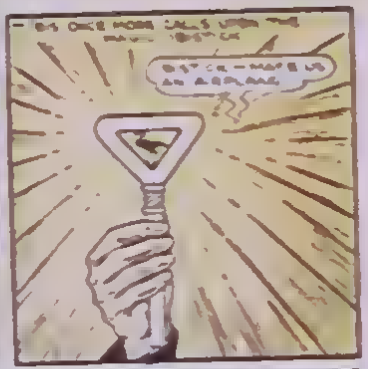
GOSH - I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER, WHERE DID THAT MOTH COME FROM?
BUT THE MAGIC LIPSTICK MAGICALLY TRANSFORMS THE DEADLY KNIFE INTO A FLUTTERING INSECT.

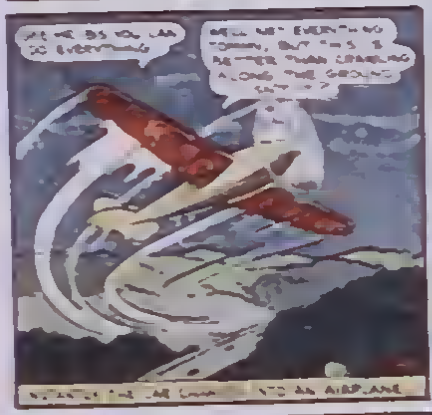

THE KNIFE-THROWER, TOO, IS OUTFOUGHT BY WHAT HE HAS SEEN AND TAKES A FLASK FROM HIS POCKET

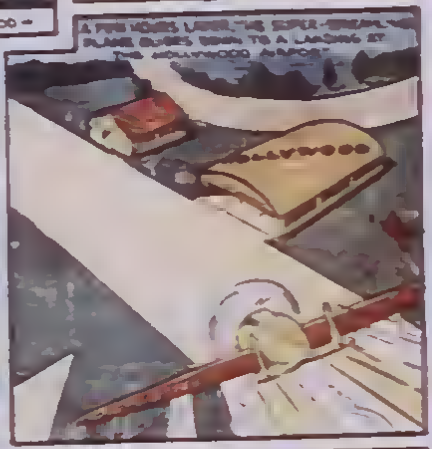
THIS JOINT HAS A HAUNTED
BRING THAT BLACK COFFEE IT WILL DO YOU MORE GOOD THAN LIQUOR
AND AGAIN THE LIPSTICK WORKS ITS MAGIC.

MY NAME'S TOMMY MA AM I HAVEN'T ANY HOME I'M AN ORPHAN
THE BOY EXPLAINS THAT HE DOES ODD JOBS AT THE CARNIVAL IN RETURN FOR FOOD AND A PLACE TO SLEEP


THE CARNIVAL OWNER READILY CONSENTS TO BIS AND TALA'S PROPOSAL THAT THEY TAKE CHARGE OF TOMMY
YOU COME ALONG WITH US TOMMY WE'LL SEE THAT YOU FIND A REAL HOME
BOY, WHAT A CAR!



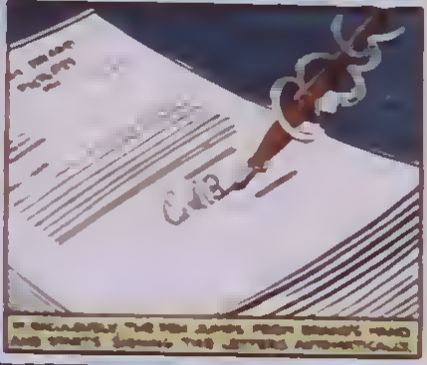


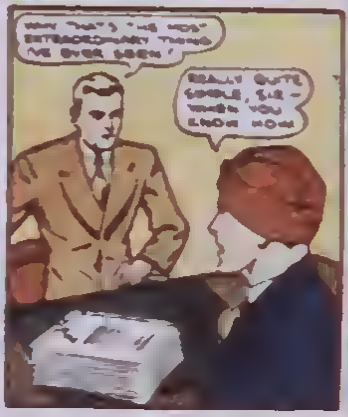


BUT I'M SO A SOMETHING LIKE A DUKE NOW...
... BUT JUST WAIT'LL I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU THE MOMENT SHE SEES YOU

I'D LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE LOT FIRST
A FEW MINUTES LATER IN THE OFFICE OF CARL BRAND, PRODUCER OF HONOR BRAND PICTURES.

PERHAPS I CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT STAR!


CARL


WOW! THAT'S THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY THING I'VE EVER SEEN!
REALLY QUITE SIMPLE, SIR WHEN YOU KNOW HOW

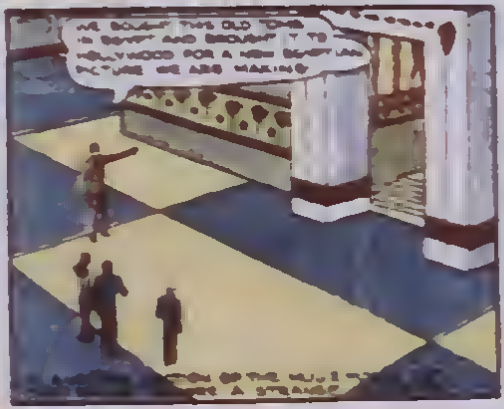
DON'T WORRY I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM

WHAT A SWELL LOOKING NIGHT IT'S ALL HAS A GREAT CHARM
HIS MAGIC MOTTATH TRANSFORMS THE SHARI-AN BEAST INTO A FRENCH POODLE

HE SHOULD SAID THAT BEAST TOMMY THERE'S YOUR GREAT DANE

PRINCE RAJ I'LL GIVE YOU $ 200,000 CASH FOR THAT MAGIC WAND
WOULDN'T PART WITH THIS SWITCH FOR ANY-THING IN THE WORLD-UNLESS IT WERE THE ONLY WAY I COULD SAVE THE LIFE OF SOMEONE I LOVED

THE PROBLEM'S BEEN HARROW AS HE STARES
YES MR. LET'S MOVE ALONG TO SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING TO SHOW YOU


HE BOUGHT THIS OLD TOMB IN EGYPT AND BROUGHT IT TO HOLLYWOOD FOR A NEW MOVIE HE'S MAKING

BY GOD THIS TOMB OF AMUNRA THE SUN PHARAOH DIED NOT HOURS AGO BUT THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO
YOU'RE RIGHT SHARKEY AND HIS PERSON WHO BURIED HIS BURIAL PLACE

AS IBIS AND TALA WALK AHEAD TO THE TOMB CARL BRAND FOLLOWS TO TALK TO OUR HERO
HEY, YA BOOBS
SEE WHAT A PUSSYFOOTING BUNCH
TOMMY'S TIME AND DISTANCE HAVE RESTORED THE CURSE
OH, HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT
DO THE GHOSTLY TOMB A SHOCK AND MAKE A THE BAL SILENTLY OPENS AND A SHADOWY FIGURE GRABS TOMMY AND PULLS HIM INTO A SECRET CHAMBER
TOMMY, TOMMY, WHERE ARE YOU?
I DON'T KNOW I THOUGHT HE WAS WITH YOU
BUT THE ANCIENT WORDS BRING NO REPLY FROM THE VANISHED BOY
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO TOMMY? IS HE A VICTIM OF THE 4,000-YEAR-OLD CURSE OF AMOS THE BLACK PHARAOH? DON'T MISS THE THRILLING ANSWER IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF WHIZ COMICS.

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PICTURE CERTIFICATE
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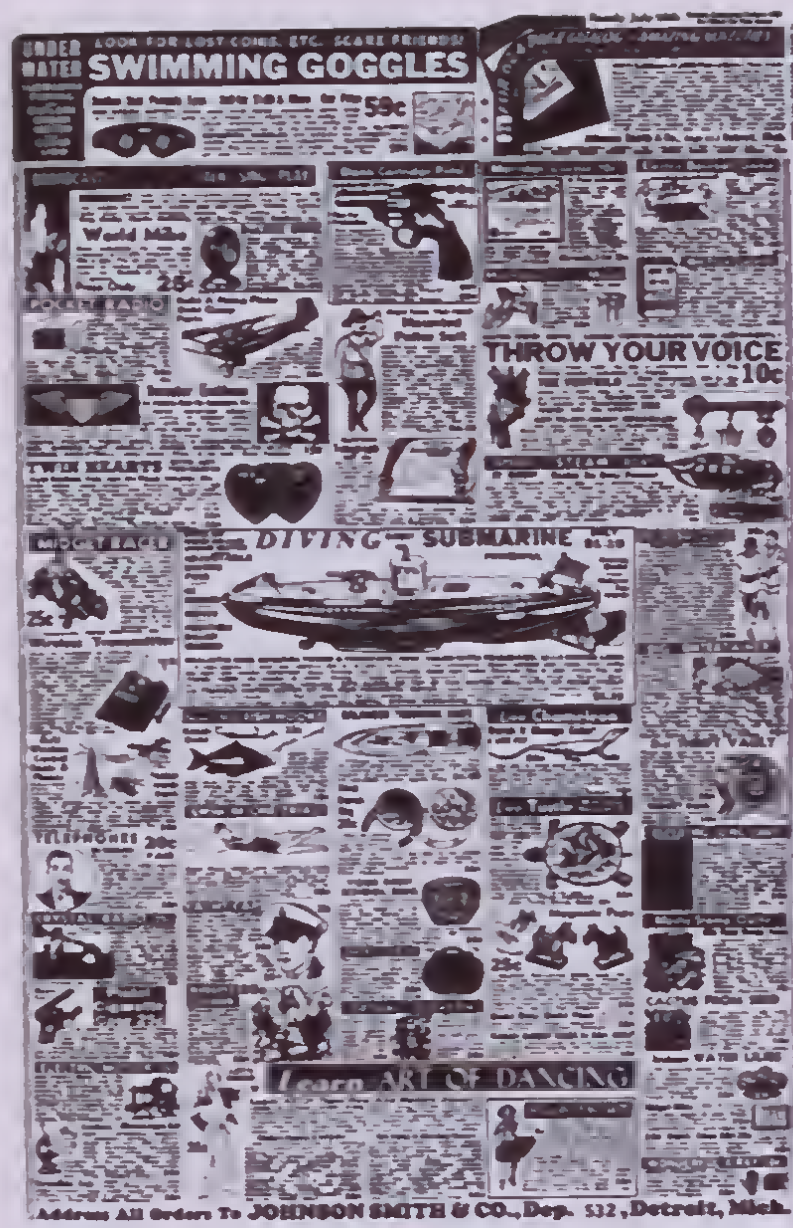
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MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED

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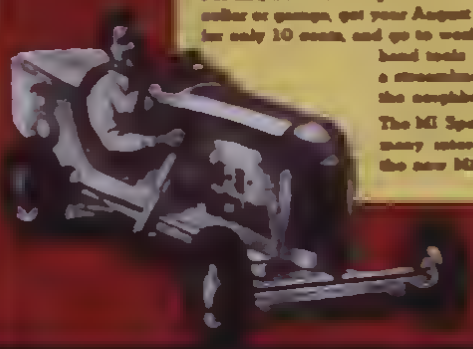

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